

The **H** *Magazine for the Christian Home*
Hearthstone



● **Your Child's Friends—*Bernice E. Lyon***

● **Wholesome Family Tranquilizers—*Marge Frank***

AUGUST, 1959 — 25c

The *H* Magazine for the Christian Home Hearthstone

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Contents

ARTICLES

Your Child's Friends	Bernice E. Lyon	1
Alcoholic Air Lines	Francis J. Black, Jr.	3
Recording for the Future	Lenelle Marsh Kanthack	9
Your Teen-ager Is Different	Marian Russell	11
The Privilege of Privacy	Ida F. Killian	14
Wholesome Family Tranquilizers (Study Article and Guide for Parents' Groups)	Marge Frank	22
Blow Your Own Horn	Lorrie McLaughlin	26

STORIES

Good Old Uncle Bud	Mary Francis Shura	6
Stories for Children When Timmy Was Sick	Grace W. McGavran	13
The Date Palm	Enola Chamberlin	21

FEATURES

His Home Life Helped His Success	Aubrey B. Haines	16
Worship in the Family with Children		18
Biblegram	Hilda E. Allen	25
Family Counselor	Donald M. Maynard	29
Books for the Hearthside		31
Over the Back Fence		32
Poetry Page	Inside Back Cover	

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"I like this barber shop," was the enthusiastic endorsement of a three-year old girl as she underwent her first hair cut and set at a beauty parlor. Both Mother and Dad were on hand to observe her reactions as she had her hair fixed. One could not help but believe that adequate preparation had been made to give this little girl a very pleasant experience. The parents were richly rewarded, too, through her delight and comments. What was a natural provision by these parents might be something new to others. Some guidance is usually needed by most of us. Bernice Lyon in "Your Child's Friends" gives some suggestions for helping the child to relate himself to others, whether they are his playmates or community helpers.

"Alcoholic Air Lines," written by a flight captain, Francis J. Black, Jr., calls to our attention the need for public concern over the practice of serving drinks in flight. He argues for safety's sake—aside from moral values—as enough reason to discontinue this hazard.

Parents with a very young child may be faced with the problem of thumb-sucking. You will want to read how Lenelle M. Kanthack in "Recording for the Future" tried everything imaginable to rid her son of this habit. Is it an obsession to you, too?

Aren't all teen-agers alike? Not so says Marian Russell in "Your Teen-ager Is Different." She contends that each is unique and must be dealt with as unique. Each grows and develops in a continual process. Teen-agers as well as children need continuing parental aid in growing socially and spiritually.

"The Privilege of Privacy" by Ida Killian points to the importance of parents' providing a nook, a room, or hideaway for their children. Such a place would provide space for a child to dream, to create, to work uninterrupted. Who knows but that this might be the beginning of a lifetime interest or vocation.

The study article is concerned with a timely need, "Wholesome Family Tranquilizers." Written by Marge Frank the article analyzes some of the whirlwind we are caught up in. It's no small wonder that we need tranquilizers. As long as we need them, why not try the brand that our author recommends?

Coming next month: "Mother Is the Housewife" by Virginia Bradley; "Cleaning Up Comic Books" by Aubrey B. Haines; and "Be a Good Neighbor to the School" by Edna Albrecht.

Until then,

R. C.

By Bernice E. Lyon

Your child's friends

—photo by erb

HE WAS A VERY little boy, but he knew what he needed to make him happy. He needed friends. Toys were not sufficient. He needed someone to enjoy those toys with him before they could become a means of pleasure. If friends did not come to him he went in search of them.

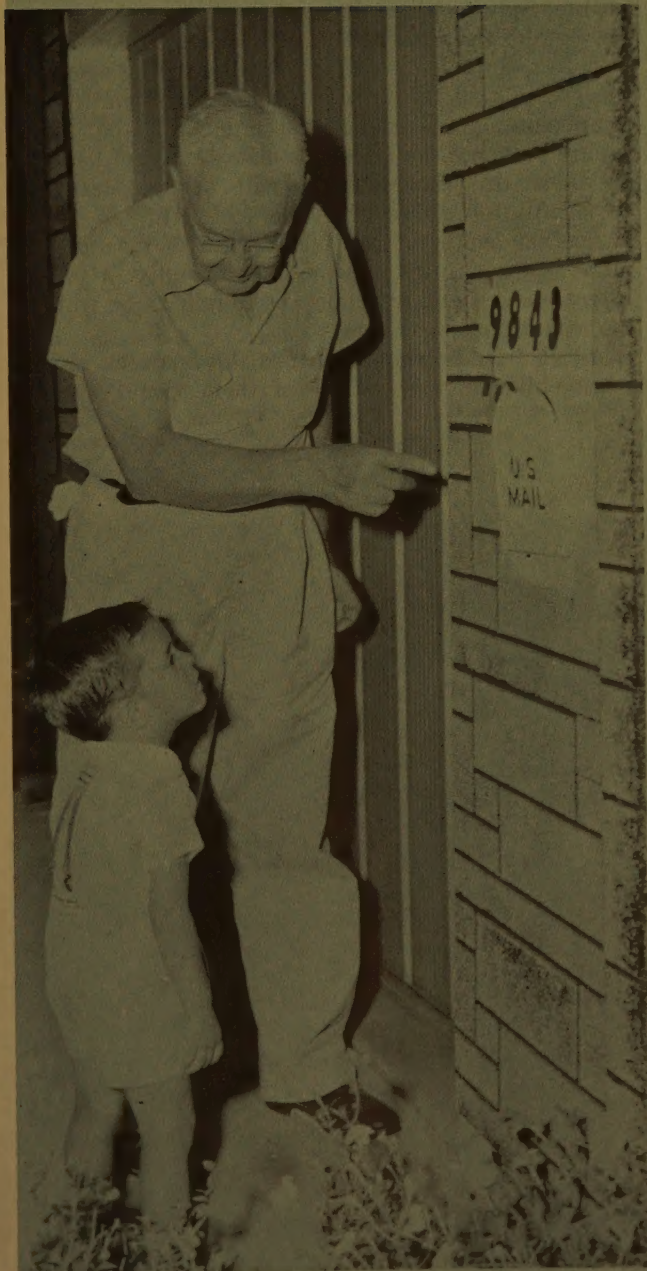
In this same family was another little boy. He, too, needed friends but he did not have to search for some of them. They lived in his world of make-believe: big friends, animals friends, bird friends all were an intimate part of his life as he played, contented and happy, all by himself. One boy needed friends about him almost continuously or he was restless. The other needed personal friends, too. But they had first to exist in his world of reality before he could create them in his wonderful world of make-believe.

Every child needs friends: friends his own age and adult friends, each one contributing something to the emotional, mental, physical, or spiritual growth of the child. Children are born with possibilities. Their friends influence the development of these innate potentials. Parents can guard a child when he is young and protect him from some influences, but as he grows older and starts to school this band of protection weakens. The child then comes into contact with teachers, with many children of varying ages, and with adults in and out of the school.

The loving protection of the home is important, but every child also needs this other bond of friendship outside the home. It serves to give him a broader picture of the people who surround him. Even though he does not know it, they are teaching him many things.

The teacher in the schoolroom is more than a teacher of material in books. He is teaching patience or impatience, tidiness or untidiness, pride in his work or dissatisfaction with the job. These things are taught by what a teacher says and does.

It is not only the teacher in the classroom from whom the child is learning. He is learning from the policeman the importance of care in crossing streets, the necessity for obeying rules. He is learning from the playground supervisor that rules are an important element of his playground experiences; that to obey rules results in happy times with his friends. To disobey rules causes unhappiness not only for him-



Some adults are mere acquaintances to a child—not really friends. Yet, to the child, a person who takes time to answer his questions is truly his friend.

self but for others as well. These truths may last throughout his life.

The librarian who helps a child find the special book that he wants or assists a child who is undecided is literally saying things to children. By her very act of helpfulness she is saying, "It is good to be a helper." She could be saying, "It is fun to read books."

Helpfulness, kindness, patience, rules, carefulness: these very important elements in a child's personality development are being added to his growth pattern day by day. We cannot stop these influences. We would not want to stop them. They are necessary and important. What parents must do is help their child recognize the good and the bad; to cultivate the good and discard the bad.

Many adults who influence the life of a child are not really friends; they are merely acquaintances. Yet, to a child, a person who smiles at him speaks to him, or is kind to him is considered a friend. Such expression of friendliness is important, too. It is saying to him, "Friendliness makes me feel happy." In later life this thought will be translated to, "Friendliness makes everyone feel happy." There is another aspect of the friendliness of strangers or mere acquaintances. Some are friendly with evil intent and all children must be taught to be wary of the attentions of strangers.

Adult friends who come into the home as visitors teach children, too. Many of them would exclaim,

"Me, a teacher? I couldn't teach if I tried!" The actions, as guests, teach children that politeness pleasant, that manners are an important part of adult behavior. On the other hand, lack of such qualities, especially if the guests are loved friends, indicates to a child that these social graces are unimportant.

Parents sometimes make a mistake of refusing to let the children help in the preparation for guests. As a result the children feel resentment toward the guests and this feeling may be expressed in unkind behavior. To avoid such unhappy experiences, the wise mother will enlist the help of her family in planning for company. The child who is respected as a helper instead of being considered a nuisance is most likely to enjoy having company. If there will be children among the visitors then it is doubly important that the mother prepare her family for the visit. Mother and children should look over the toys and games. Consider which ones the guests might enjoy; laugh with Sally as you anticipate the fun of sharing the one little dolly. Wonder with Mark which car his visitor will choose when Mark gives him first choice. Advance preparation of this sort often makes the visit a happy experience for both guests and hosts.

Do not expect complete harmony among the children, however. Being children, it is natural for friction to develop; often this is merely a matter of growing on their part. They learn through arguments that the most pleasant way to enjoy the sled is to take turns, that fighting over fallen blocks does not build them up again but that two children working together get the job done quickly. Friendly guidance given by adults, instead of punishment or scolding, helps a child grow gradually toward self-control. It is a slow process and adults cannot hurry it. We can hinder it, however, by our own behavior.

Christian attitudes are developed in the lives of children by life as they see it lived. Someone has said that "Religion is caught rather than taught." The church school teacher, looked up to and loved by children, needs to live her Christian faith every day. She is a constant example. The relationship between neighbors says many things to children. If neighbors are friendly, helpful and co-operative, it is not necessary to say to children, "This is the way to be happy." They see friendship expressed in life. Their attitudes are being developed.

This attitude of "love thy neighbor" can be carried on beyond the community. It can expand to include people of other races. The respect, consideration, and friendship shown to people of different races and cultures will go a long way toward building lasting attitudes of friendship in the hearts of children. The missionary, who visits in the home, with stories of the people with whom he works, will also make a strong and lasting impression on young children. It takes many experiences of this kind and a real understanding on the part of parents, to guide a child through the maze of prejudice that may surround him.

(Continued on page 28)



—Agricultural Photo by Bob Taylor

A child enjoys showing his pet pig to a visiting friend. It's fun for both when adequate preparation has been made for such an experience.

THE CHICAGO TRIBUNE reported a conversation with a veteran passenger agent at Chicago's Midway report. The agent said:

"In the old days, we used to look at passengers over pretty carefully and any of them seemed to be glowing a little too much, we even used to refuse to permit them aboard the planes.

"Nowadays everybody goes aboard as judges, or at most with only a farewell or drink-for-the-road preparation. But, brother, you ought to see some of them when they come off a flight. If this spiral of alcohol inflation continues, the bars around most of the country's airport terminals won't have any business at all."

Although the agent was obviously exaggerating for emphasis, his comments point to a growing national menace. Since the mid-century, airline after airline has jumped on the alcohol bandwagon and started serving customers drinks. In most cases the free water made available on long, non-stop flights and luxury trips. This is following a pattern set by international airlines. Foreign lines have made drinks part of their service for 25 years. But recently, several U. S. airlines have started alcohol service on one and two stop flights and some are seriously

considering expanding the policy to include more local service.

VOICE reporters queried all major airlines by phone and wire to get information on this issue. They talked with pilots, stewardesses, airline executives. Most of them seemed to be of one mind: they don't like the practice.

Although the public relations people from airlines serving drinks contend the service is due to "overwhelming demand" and results in "enthusiastic response," other airline personnel aren't so thrilled.

From the company point of view the practice is expensive. Most of the lines give at least one drink free, some more. The practice ups costs on the already expensive food service, making necessary additional paperwork of buying and stocking.

The airline stewardesses don't like to serve liquor. It makes more work. Many of them come from homes where alcohol is not served. Handling "delightfully devilish" passengers is no fun. Recently the Air Line Stewards and Stewardesses Association went on record opposing the practice "in the interest of the safety of the flying public."

Pilots deplore alcohol service. The article presented here is indicative. The Air Line Pilots Association opposes any drinking aloft, claiming pilots shouldn't have to play nursemaid to people who've been drinking.

Several company spokesmen said plain-

tively, "We wish the idea had never come up. It's just been one big headache. If only the airlines could get together and agree to stop, we'd be ready tomorrow."

Basic reason given for changing a policy that in most cases has stood more than 25 years is competition. Airlines feel they have to keep up with each other in a highly competitive business. Though no studies seem available to prove it, the idea has spread that passengers will choose a "wet" flight over a "dry" one. Yet several major companies are not convinced.

Another very hot factor in the whole controversy is the fact that many airlines travel over "dry" territory. Is it legal for them to serve liquor over a state or county where liquor by the drink is illegal? Or should they, like the railroads, close up shop until the state is left behind? Once the law is clear, who's going to enforce it at 10,000 feet? There are strong forces on both sides of this question.

What can be done? At present the trend is toward more liquor in the air rather than less. Sentiment opposing the practice is growing. Bandwagons can travel in two directions. If one or more major airlines decides to discontinue the policy for sound safety and public relations reasons, the others are very likely to follow suit. Captain Black has some sound suggestions for action in his timely article.

Reprint from *The Voice*.

Would you fly with a drinking pilot? or on a line that "winks" at its crews' drinking in flight?

Do you enjoy flying with an airline that serves all its passengers "free" liquor?

Would you pay extra for the "privilege" of sitting next to a drinking stranger in flight?

Are we going to let a small minority dilute the safety of flying?



Alcoholic air lines

BY FRANCIS J. BLACK, JR.



—William J. Balogh, Aviation Publication Photographer

Captain Francis J. Black, Jr. regularly flies a \$2,000,000 Lockheed Constellation which carries 88 passengers and a crew of six. As Captain of a major airline flight, the safety of his passengers has top priority. For safety reasons, he and other pilots are very much concerned over the relatively new practice of serving alcohol in the air.

I FEEL SURE that some who read these lines will say, "Here is just another professional prohibitionist who lost his sting in '33 after an enlightened people became fed up with his meddling."

May I say in all humility and simply for the record: I am a 40-year-old flight captain for one of the largest and finest airlines in the U.S. or in the world. I am a dry, praying, churchgoing, Methodist father, and I am laboring under the impression that any one of these characteristics provides license for me, as well as compels me, to be concerned about my fellow man and about what I think is one of the greatest moral and social problems facing every one of us in this country today—beverage alcohol.

Drinking Pilots

I doubt seriously if there are many people in the U.S., regardless of the way they vote, who would knowingly fly with a pilot who had been drinking or intended to take a drink in flight. The situation bears looking into for several *foreign* companies allow their crews to drink in flight. There is, however, a bright side as well as a wet side.

In the United States we have a federal law which makes it illegal for a pilot to drink *any* alcoholic beverage in *any* quantity within 24 hours of a flight carrying mail or passengers. One can imagine what an American jury would do to a company if it could be proved that beverage alcohol was even a contributing factor in an accident. I can say from personal experience that this "24-hour-rule" is not "winked at" by our American companies or our government. And, to my knowledge, there has never been an accident involving mail or passengers in this country in which alcohol played any part. It should be comforting to know that you are not likely to die in the lap of a suds soaked skipper on any American line, domestic or international.

Unfortunately, this happy state cannot be depended upon while riding on some foreign lines. Several years ago at LaGuardia airport in New York, a plane from a well-known foreign airline landed after a flight from Paris. LaGuardia airport is one of the poorest in the country for large planes, and pilots must be very careful because of the extremely short runways. In addition to this it is entirely possible that the

brakes were not properly adjusted or a shifting wind might have caused the accident. BUT, to the embarrassment of all concerned the plane slid off the end of the runway into the bay.

Nobody was hurt as the passengers all swam a few feet to shore, cold, but nonetheless happy over not being injured. I was particularly interested in an unguarded comment that came from a mechanic who was one of the first to reach the stricken plane. He laughed loudly as he said, "You know, the funniest thing about the wreck was that when I got there the pilots were feverishly rounding up all the empty wine bottles in the pilots' compartment and throwing them into the bay!" I wonder why the hurry?

I have heard fellow pilots say that foreign airlines were quite broadminded about liquor and recently I saw in print a statement to the effect that the management of several European carriers operating to the U.S. and carrying unsuspecting U.S. citizens, countenance the drinking of intoxicating liquors by their crews while actually in flight and at gassing points en route.

Drinking Passengers

I suppose it could be argued with some degree of truth that it is more important for the captain to refrain from bending the elbow than his passengers. But if a passenger saws off the tail, then where are we?

Up until World War II, NO drinking was allowed by anybody on any American line. Shortly after the war, a group of foreign carriers began to serve liquor to their passengers. In a few short months our own lines foolishly followed the "competition." I wasn't long before practically all international carriers, American and foreign, had hard liquor for sale on board.

The next step, to get ahead of the competition, was to offer the first drink free. A few months later, in the absence of regulation other American overseas carriers were "forced" by competition to open up bars. Now hundreds daily get full-for-free while flying

Although most companies will aim they serve one or two cocktails before meals, it is usually easy to talk the stewardess into giving you more than your quota. In recent months the trend has spread to many of our domestic commercial airlines. American, TWA, Eastern, United, North West, and Western all serve alcohol on their "blue ribbon" or "extra fare" flights and on many long non-stop trips. For most of these lines it has become an expensive headache, but the practice continued to "meet competition."

My plea at the present time is SAFETY, forgetting the moral values involved entirely. Airline flying, as we know it in this country, is now a wonderful way to travel. But it won't be nearly as safe with drunks fighting in the cabin. Indeed, there have already been quite a few fatal accidents caused by fire in the cabin. No doubt some of these were caused by drinking passengers who tended to be on the irresponsible side. Mistaking waste shutes for used cigarette receptacles is highly suspected. In 1939 I was co-pilot of an airliner that landed in a cotton field because of a fire in the rear of the cabin and baggage compartment. Even today nobody knows how it got there, or if they do know they aren't telling.

Once I saw a dozing drinker light several cigarettes and drop each one of them down in the upholstery still burning. Recently another captain told me he was called into the cabin to put a drinking, not drunk, passenger into his seat and stop him from annoying others. The offender looked up at the captain quite provoked and said, "I will kill you." Pleasant thought for the man, to say nothing of the nerves of the other passengers. Suppose he had had a gun?

On another line recently, a "drinker" attacked the plane's captain and had to be tied with a rope on the floor where he spent the rest of the flight. Suppose he had had a gun?

Although there is little that can be done to control the practices of

foreign airlines flying passengers into this country, we can warn our friends of what to expect when they fly abroad and caution them to check with the company regarding its policies before they do fly.

As to the problem of our own domestic lines serving liquor to passengers while in flight MUCH can be done by each one of us and the sooner the better. This can be done with a minimum of effort and trouble on our part.

In the first place, I personally think the companies do not like the practice at all. It is a great bother which produces little or no income and is often a great expense. It is messy and makes it more difficult to hire stewardesses. It is one thing to be a charming hostess and another to be a bar maid. Most pilots and stewardesses are firmly against serving drinks in flight. Clarence Sayen, president of the Air Line Pilots Association, was quoted in *American Aviation* as opposing any drinking aloft. He claims that pilots shouldn't have to play nursemaid to people who can't even hold one drink.

In Chicago, the Air Line Stewards and Stewardesses Association biennial convention instructed its president, Rowland Quinn, to "discourage the serving of liquor on commercial air transports in the interest of the safety of the flying public." The organization represents 1,700 stewardesses and about 800 pursers and stewards in domestic and international airline service.

The big question faced by the airlines is that they THINK they HAVE to serve liquor to meet competition. So far all they have had are requests FOR liquor. If the airlines were to receive several hundred requests or demands to take liquor off their flights, it would have a tremendous effect.

There are still several large lines which do not serve liquor on their domestic flights, as yet: Capitol, Delta-Chicago & Southern, and Braniff, for instance. Lines like American, United, TWA, North-West-Orient and National serve it on their "luxury" flights. For once the poor man enjoys a pro-

tection his rich relative is not afforded.

Those airlines which recognize the danger inherent in serving alcohol aloft should be complimented and encouraged just as often as we register our displeasure with their competition. Public opinion is still a powerful force, even more powerful when based on Christian concern.

In short, I believe I am taking an iron-clad, puncture-proof position against pilots drinking in flight and I feel the same practice should prevail in the cabin, for safety's sake.

May I suggest that the next time you plan to fly, ask the line you call if they serve liquor to their passengers and then let them know that you prefer to travel with companies that do not. There is competition on most every route now, and the companies will listen to you. If we give enough publicity, and I believe this to be our duty, to this new and growing menace, it will help some lines make up their minds that this practice of serving liquor in flight is not such a good idea after all. Some may give it up, others may never start, and it may prevent some saint from getting to heaven ahead of schedule.

Parental Chuckle

The Thirsty Angel

Unlike Abou Ben Adhem,
When I awake at night,
No celestial angel
Appears before my sight,
But a more earthly version
In the form of my small daughter,
Who stands within the moonlight
And demands a drink of water.

—Joan Tomkinson

good old uncl

EXCITEMENT WRINKLED Bud's freckled forehead as he waited for his Mother to put down the phone. He helped pass the time by straightening the wrinkled yellow note he had dredged from his jeans pocket.

When she finally came he pushed it toward her excitedly, studying her face eagerly.

"Bud Reynolds," she read aloud slowly, "White Rats, Show, Junior Division." She looked up questioningly.

"I qualified," he explained proudly. "I get to show Herman and Tessie in the Science Fair."

Her wrinkle of distaste at the white rats was quickly replaced by a smile, "Wonderful," she said warmly. "Was it elimination?"

"Only the five best from each room," he answered proudly. "Greg, three girls, and me."

Bud didn't know what he expected her to say but it certainly wasn't her next question.

"Bud, do you think I'm domineering? Bossy, that is."

He stared as he rose to fix the white rats' food. "Sure," he said in wonder. "Aren't Mothers supposed to be?"

"That's not how I mean," she said lamely. Then she brightened. "Lindy's friend Debby is giving her a shower Friday night, isn't that wonderful?"

"Sure, wonderful," Bud agreed bitterly, escaping to the basement to feed his pets.

"Lindy," he repeated miserably as he stroked Herman's eager pink nose. Always it was Lindy. Lindy going to college or getting married and now it was Lindy's coming baby.

He watched his healthy rats

proudly. Maybe Mom didn't realize what an honor it was to show in the Fair. If she did, she would think it was as important as Lindy for once.

Back upstairs, Bud wondered at Mother's sad slumped look as she peeled potatoes for dinner.

"Can I help?" he offered suddenly.

"Just empty the wastebaskets," she said absently, "Then you can ride with Greg a while."

Bud snorted. "Don't feel like riding," he replied, slumping by the table. No use trying to explain he'd taken all the kidding he was going to from that fellow.

"Good old Uncle Bud . . . practiced up your baby-sitting?" Greg's taunts rang in his ears. Just jealous, Bud thought, wait'll he sees my nephew, he'll change his tune.

"I've been thinking about your rats," Mother said.

Bud grinned at her, "That's a switch," he laughed.

"Your exhibit is on nutrition isn't it?" she grinned back.

Bud nodded, expanding with pleasure; maybe she cared more than she showed.

"I'm going to get some good nutrition books for Lindy," she mused.

Bud slumped. Lindy again. "Can't she do anything for herself?" he said disgustedly.

To Bud's amazement his mother turned angrily. "You and her husband. Always thinking she has to do everything. Why she's hardly more than a baby." She stopped and crossed the room quickly to pull Bud's startled face against her. "I'm sorry, honey," she was gentle now. "I was tak-

ing out another fight on you. But we do want Lindy's little girl to have shiny curls and pretty straight bones, don't we?"

Bud stiffened against her, confused. It struck him with horror his nephew a girl? He could hear Greg's laughter. Curls!

His mother's hand made the shirt firm on his shoulders. "I lashed at you because Jim balked at everything I want to do for Lindy. Tell me more about the Fair," she coaxed.

But Bud went to empty the baskets with a sick despair. A girl.

At breakfast it looked like Mom had been crying. Nobody explained. Instead Dad asked him brightly, "What do you call those beasts again, Son? I want to brag a bit at the office about my scientific prodigy."

"Herman and Tessie," Bud answered with happiness flowing inside like warm honey. "If I can just keep them in shape until Friday."

"Friday," Bud's mother stopped her cup mid-air.

"What's wrong with Friday?" Dad asked curiously.

"That's the shower day," Mom replied.

"I'm worried about Herman and Tessie today," Bud suddenly frowned.

"Why's that?" Dad asked.

"Science field trip," Bud said with growing concern. "We'll be almost six getting home. The water container will give out before then."

"Mother could fill it," Dad suggested reasonably.

"What?" Mother said quickly.

"Now Nancy," Dad's voice was

Bud

rm. "We know you don't like rats. But this is important."

She glanced at each of them and wrinkled her nose at Bud. "I don't have to pretend to like them, do I?"

He grinned in relief, "You don't have to touch them and I'd appreciate it."

Coming up from his last check before school he heard their words without meaning to.

Dad's voice was calm. "Jim was his side too, Nancy. This is the first time as a father, you know."

"My first as a grandmother, too," Mother retorted, "and I don't like being pushed out."

Bud enjoyed the field trip thoroughly. All except the time when he strayed from the conservation agent and Greg started the Good Old Uncle Bud routine among all the fellows. It was with real relief that he swung off the bus in front of his own house.

It was dark and empty. Leaning near the clock Bud saw it was straight up, six. There was something strange in the place. It struck Bud even more as he started to the basement. There was no gossiping scratching from the rats' cage. He rushed into the room and stood staring at them.

They huddled in a corner as if they were sick. Tails and ears drooping they blended together in a huddled white mass. At Bud's arrival they began scurrying around the cage, not playfully but with desperation.

One glance confirmed Bud's fear. A pale film of grain dust clouded the bottom of the water container.

Bud filled it trembling. He



"Lindy," he repeated miserably as he stroked Herman's eager pink nose. Always it was Lindy.

by Mary Francis Shura

wavered between anger and cold fear for his pets. He watched them drink, greedily shoving, eager to satisfy their consuming thirst.

He snapped on the kitchen light to fix their food. Outside he heard the car pull in and Mother's voice laughing with Dad. He noticed the note just as they entered the door.

DEAR BUD, he read, LINDY WAS FEELING BAD. I'LL GO HELP. BE BACK BY DINNER TIME. LOVE, MOTHER.

He raised his eyes to hers in the doorway. He wanted desperately to cry. He saw her eyes glance from the note to Herman and Tessie's food and saw the shocked realization fill her face.

"Bud," she cried, in a wail of apology as she started toward him. Something hard and painful filled his throat as he turned

come, then let it rain, let it pour."

Dad laughed heartily. "He just says that to irritate me," Mother snapped, starting to clear the table. "He knows it will be a girl, just like I do."

Bud picked up his books thinking warmly about Jim. Every time he thought of those curls and Greg he got a little sick. "I almost forgot," he said suddenly. "I have to stay in the exhibit room from 5:30 on so I won't be able to eat home tonight."

"That'll be fine," Mother agreed quickly. "Then I'll stay and help Lindy with the shower list. If Jim will let me," she added crossly.

"I wish you'd quit fussing at Jim, Nancy," Dad said. "It's terrible after being such good friends until now."

"That's what I don't understand," Mother mused. He's al-

folks to be among the first, but then, when the seats were all filled and the wall lined with standing parents, he began to worry. He was still looking frantically when the principal rapped for order and the awards began.

Bud listened hopefully when the names for white ribbons were called. They were half way through the red ribbons when Bud gave up both listening and looking. Feeling curiously numb he saw Greg mount the stairs with his eager and embarrassed parent to accept a red ribbon.

He was trying to tell himself he didn't care, not about Greg's ribbon or his folks not coming or anything when a nudge from the back startled him to his feet.

The principal was searching the crowd and calling for "Mr. and Mrs. Reynolds." The science teacher stepped forth and handed

One glance confirmed Bud's fear. A pale film of grain dust clouded the bottom of the water container.

silently and went downstairs.

The next day they were fine. He wished that she and Dad would stop bringing it up. Every time they did he wanted to blurt it out, "First Lindy, then me."

They talked about the shower while Bud ate breakfast silently.

"With the shower this afternoon and the Science Fair tonight, I bet we get slim picking for dinner," Dad winked at Bud. "Is Lindy excited about it?"

A worried wrinkle bothered Mother's forehead. "She doesn't know about it. Jim wouldn't let me warn her. She thinks it's just an invitation for coffee."

Without looking up Bud could imagine his mother's angry look.

"What did Jim say?" Dad asked curious.

"Said his sisters had them and weren't hurt," Mother said resentfully.

"Sounds like our Jim," Dad laughed. "They're too common to be dangerous."

"Men," Mother blurted angrily. "All the same. Jim said if a surprise shower would help his son

ways said he married Lindy hoping she'd turn out like me."

"I guess I won't see you again before the fair," Bud broke in wistfully.

"That's right," Dad said with sudden realization. He patted Bud's shoulder. "We'll be there at eight thirty to watch you get a ribbon."

A grin was all Bud could manage. If Dad could only be right about the ribbon then Mom would maybe be real impressed.

It was the longest day Bud could remember. It didn't help that Greg's booth was only one table away. "From rat-sitting to baby-sitting, huh?" Greg taunted through the afternoon. "Good old Uncle Bud."

The exhibitors had to wait in the hall while the judging team worked. Bud remembered Dad talking about the big strain that Jim was under. He felt curiously close to his brother-in-law as his ham sandwich rolled uneasily under his belt.

The crowds started coming early. Bud didn't expect his

Bud the ribbon with a firm hand clasp before he really understood. But there it was in his hands and he stumbled back to his seat. It was the purest most beautiful shade of blue he'd ever seen. Wait'll Mother sees this, he kept thinking. Blue.

Bud appreciated the ride home with Herman and Tessie's equipment. He didn't try to explain to the science teacher why his parents weren't home. He simply covered Herman and Tessie and went to bed with his blue ribbon tight between his fingers. I'll hear them when they come to say good night, he thought, and I'll show them then.

Wakening later, he heard the rustle of their movements from the next room. He started to call out to them, then hesitated. "Why they didn't even check on me, he thought miserably. "Sure I'd have wakened." Bitterly with the moonlight helping, he found a special place and slipped the beautiful blue ribbon into hiding.

(Continued on page 28)

RECORDING

for the

FUTURE

—photo by R. O. Hofmann



“Are children born good?”

by *Lenelle Marsh Kanthack*

THE TENTS WERE SET up and the camping equipment was in place when we heard the scream.

“It’s Jimmy,” cried Marie. “He fell down the hillside.” We rushed to see. After careful examination we found that outside of a bump on his head, eight-year-old Jimmy was none the worse for his experience. As we walked back to camp Marie shook her head and said, “It’s always the same. If it isn’t Jimmy, it’s Bruce. Why can’t my children be like yours? Born good!”

It pleased me no end to learn she thought my children were good—but born good was another thing. That meant I didn’t have much to do with it and I knew I did have. I recalled the day I visited our family doctor and blurted out tearfully that I thought I was going to have a baby.

“So what?” he had said. “You’re married, aren’t you?”

“Yes . . . but I’m so young and I don’t know anything about babies.”

“Then learn!” he advised. And I did. I read avidly, everything about babies that I could lay my

hands on. I wrote for free government pamphlets and subscribed to the prenatal service of a national woman’s magazine. In fact, any ad that even looked like it had the word baby in it was my meat. The baby came, and eighteen months later another, but whenever I had a free moment I continued to study. I wanted my babies to be healthy, well-adjusted individuals, so while I was kept busy with their care and feeding I didn’t overlook their personality and character development which I learned begins at birth, or as many authorities claim, at time of conception.

Life is filled with problems of varying degrees. My first major child-raising one was thumb-sucking. I wasn’t going to have a thumb-sucker in my family if I could help it. Indeed not. I was a pacifier baby myself and even after I was much too old for that, I had rolled up my tongue and sucked it until it played havoc with my front teeth. Many doctors now claim that babies need to suck a certain amount, and with love, a good diet and physical care they will usually stop of their own accord. Yet I knew the expense of orthodontic work and the annoyance

*Is thumb-sucking
an obsession
to you?*

of having to wear braces on my teeth, so the situation grew out of proportion to its importance. It became an obsession to me. I was continually looking for ways to keep Billy's thumb out of his mouth. I covered his hands with white bobby socks, tying them on with heavy string, but that didn't deter him. He chewed large holes in them in record time and was soon sucking again. I rubbed bad-tasting but harmless medicine on his thumb. He licked it off, and sucked with greater vigor than before.

One day my husband came home with a pair of aluminum mitts. "Eureka," I cried, "I know Billy can't chew through those." Night came and he was ready for bed. I slipped his tiny hands in the clumsy aluminum mitts and tied the cloth around his wrists. He lay in bed holding each mitt before him, eyeing them questioningly. I kissed him goodnight, turned out the light and left the room with confidence that at last my problem was solved. I sunk into a comfortable chair with a deep sigh of relief, but not for long.

Suddenly there was a thump . . . thump from the nursery and I rushed in to see what was the matter. There on the floor lay both aluminum mitts. Billy was silent. He looked at me with his big, innocent, blue eyes as if to say, "You thought I couldn't get them off. You were fooled." He had pushed the rounded ends through the metal bars of his bed and pulled his arms back quickly, ripping the mitts from the cloth tied around his wrists. I gave up! From then on the mitts were used to scoop sand in the sandbox. Another bright idea had been debunked by a two-year-old. Billy stopped sucking his thumb soon after that. I had made a problem where none existed.

I learned several things from that experience. The first one was to consider the problem from all angles and approach it calmly, trying not to let my emotions become so involved that the situation grows out of proportion to its importance. The second one was that no matter how much I have read or how much advice I have been given, each problem is mine. Not my doctors or my neighbors—but mine. Each situation is different just as each child is different for, according to Dr. Roger J. Williams, professor of bio-



—photo by R. O. Hoffman

chemistry at the University of Texas, we are so different that there can't possibly be another person precisely like us in the world. Our problems may appear to be similar, but because no parent or child is like any other, the method of approach that works for one might not work for the other. Handling our problems wisely is important but "an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure" and nothing can take the place of good training in those early years.

There are some who think preschool days are merely baby-sitting days where the child is marking time till he is old enough to start to school and begin his education. This is not so. It is in those early years that the foundation is being laid. Only time will tell how good a job was done. How well it prepared him to meet his problems in his teen-years depends on this foundation. How well it prepared him to meet life's problems as an adult depends on this same foundation laid in those preschool days. Friedrich Froebel, father of the kindergarten, knew this and through his efforts parents and teachers became aware of this valuable training period that had been neglected for so long. More and more parents today are recognizing this fact and are making wise use of it.

My friend, Marie, said my children were born good—but were they? Certainly not, for children are not born good or bad. Personality and character develop as the body grows. Behavior, attitudes and beliefs are learned from those around us and to young children that is their parents. Jimmy, the boy who fell down the hillside on the

(Continued on page 30)



—photo by A. Devaney Inc., N. Y.

Your Teen-ager IS Different

by Marian Russell

DID YOU KNOW that your teen-ager is unique? There is no one else in the world with his particular combination of physical, mental, and spiritual traits. If you have never considered this before, it may be a rather frightening experience for you. You may realize for the first time what a great responsibility you have in guiding the development of this very special individual.

As parents, you have probably already discovered that, at certain points, being different is not popular with your teen-ager. Adolescent boys and girls strive very hard to be exactly like their friends. They dress alike and talk alike. They play the same records and watch the same TV shows. Conforming to the group is the custom of the day. The teen-ager who dares to be original or different is often rejected by his peers.

In fact, many teen-agers often resent the things about themselves that make them different from their friends. This is because they have not yet learned to appreciate themselves as individuals. This may be particularly true of the adolescent who is not aware of his relationship to God.

Many parents bemoan the fact that the Bible tells us so little about the growth and development of Jesus during his youth. Yet, if

we stop and think, the passage that does pertain to this period of his life really says a great deal.

“And Jesus increased in wisdom and in stature, and in favor with God and man.”

(Luke 2:52)

Briefly, we are told that Jesus grew mentally, physically, spiritually, and socially.

Most parents are anxious for their children to grow in these four areas of their lives. They want their children to develop into well-rounded persons.

To help boys and girls grow physically and mentally is not too difficult in our world of modern medicine and public education. However, many parents find it very difficult to guide their teen-agers in their spiritual and social development.

Perhaps this is true because of the contrasting picture we have given our children of the spiritual person and the social individual. Too often we picture the spiritually developed person as a recluse who is always serious and has very little fun. On the other hand, the socially developed individual is usually pictured as going along with the crowd and having a good time.

How can we guide our adolescents to be successful in such apparently diverse areas of their

lives? In our modern world the spiritual and social lives of teen-agers often seem in conflict with each other.

Growing in Favor with God

If you want your teen-ager to grow in favor with God, you must help him establish a close personal relationship to God. He must learn to appreciate the unique gifts God has given him. He must discover what God expects him to do with his gifts.

During adolescent years the child often becomes aware of his spiritual self for the first time. Up to this point in his life he has probably thought of himself as a physical being only. Now, he should be awakening to his spiritual nature as well. He is often puzzled about the spiritual side of his being and anxious to discover more about it.

At this point you can help your adolescent look for, discover, and understand the many unique gifts that God has given him. Among these gifts, probably, are a high degree of intelligence, a moral conscience that distinguishes right from wrong, and the ability to be creative. Each person has a certain combination of these gifts which sets him apart from other men and makes him individually distinctive. Man, also, has the freedom of choice to use these gifts

constructively or destructively as he might choose. In short, God made man free.

The wise parent will help his teen-ager see the importance of freely choosing to be a co-worker with God, a potential creator in God's world. The things that he creates during his life, whether of a physical or spiritual nature, should be a reflection of God.

As the teen-ager develops a closer relationship to God, he will begin to recognize and appreciate the gifts God has given him. He will have a new respect for his individuality. He may discover that the characteristics which make him different from others are the very ones he can use best in serving God.

Growing in Favor with Man

As your teen-ager develops spiritually he also needs to develop socially. His relationship to God is tested and utilized in his relations with other persons. The social life of your teen-age child, and that time which he spends in working or playing with others, is

important to his total growth and development. The social life of the teen-ager often seems quite complicated, and you must help him understand it, and make it what it ought to be.

It is true that the young person who is trying to grow in favor with God will often encounter difficulty in gaining favor with man. For the young Christian himself is unique. He is striving for a higher type of life than the crowd around him. This will often cause serious conflicts. His choices and decisions will at times be different from those of the crowd, just because his objectives are different and his comprehension of what is right is different.

Making the choice between conforming to the group or going it alone is very, very difficult for the teen-ager. The adolescent usually feels very insecure. He fears being left out. It is very important to him to have friends who like him and accept him. He will go to great extremes just to be accepted by the group he admires.

Sally may dress and talk in a

way she really does not approve of, just to be accepted by her friends. Many teen-age girls start smoking for this very reason.

Boys of this age are great conformists, too. They may break speed laws because their friends do. They may frequent questionable places of amusement just to be with the gang.

The Christian youth should be aware that he will frequently have to stand alone in the decisions and choices he makes. His stand will become easier if he knows it is re-enforced by the stands his parents take in similar situations.

While teen-agers may go to extremes to be accepted by their group, they may, also, go to extremes to avoid being conspicuous within the group. Jim may not develop his singing ability because his friends might call him a sissy. Joann does not do her best in her schoolwork because she is afraid her friends resent her good grades.

These adolescents are not developing their potentialities because they are afraid of being rejected by their friends. In such situations parents must help their teen-agers see how to be different without being rejected by their friends.

Perhaps you can best do this by helping your child understand his uniqueness, and his unique relationship to other individuals who are, themselves, unique. Remind him that all men have received gifts from their Creator. While some gifts may seem more important or bring more fame and fortune than others, all gifts are important. You will want your child to show appreciation and respect for the gifts of others as well as his own.

The adolescent who is growing spiritually will always show interest and concern for others. He will use his unique gifts to help his friends and not to prove his superiority to them.

The teen-ager who shows appreciation and respect for the uniqueness of his friends will not be rejected by them. Nor need he have any fear of developing his own potentialities.

(Continued on page 28.)

—Mary Anna White



The social life of your teen-ager is very important to his total growth and development. Respect and understanding of others have to be learned.

by Grace McGavran



—photo by erb

When Timmy Was Sick

TIMMY HAD BEEN sick in bed for two days. Tears were rolling down his cheeks when his mother came into the room.

"Are you feeling so sick you have to cry?" asked his mother, comforting him.

"No," sniffed Timmy. "But yesterday the little banty hen next door was going to have chicks hatch out and Mrs. Grove said I could see them. I want to see them," he wailed, and more tears rolled down.

"Next week! You can see them next week!" promised his mother.

Knock! Knock! Knock!

"Someone at the door! I'll come back soon and read you a story, Timmy," said his mother, hurrying away to see who was knocking.

Next thing Timmy heard a queer sound.

Peep! Peep! Peep! Peep!

There was Mrs. Grove at the bedroom door. She was smiling.

Peep! Peep! The sound came from her apron which she had all bunched up.

Timmy sat up in bed.

Mrs. Grove sat down in a chair. She opened the apron. There were four darling little banty chicks. They were just like little balls of fluff with bright black eyes.

"Since you couldn't come to see the chicks, they came to see you," laughed Mrs. Grove.

The chicks walked around on Mrs. Grove's lap, peeping and pecking. Mrs. Grove kept them from falling to the floor.

Timmy's tears disappeared like magic. "I won't touch them. I might give them a germ," he decided. "But I can watch them."

Mrs. Grove stayed for ten minutes. "Now the babies must go back to their mother," she said. "I'll bring them to see you again tomorrow, Timmy."

"Peep! Peep! Peep! Peep!" said the baby chicks as if to say goodbye.

Timmy laughed. "Goodbye, little chicks. Come again tomorrow!"

"We will," promised Mrs. Grove.



A child needs time to explore and discover for himself. Who would want to disturb a fellow so intent as this one?

—photo by erb

by Ida F. Killian

The Privilege of Privacy

SEVEN-YEAR-OLD J a m i e spread his arms protectively in front of plywood and other materials neatly arranged on his bedroom work table. "Mother," he called urgently, "please get little Joey and fence him out of my room."

In a moment the toddler was exploring elsewhere. Mother had hooked an expansion gate across Jamie's doorway and the lad was again working happily on his model plane.

Respect for privacy should be a recognized privilege in every home. Everyone needs to fence himself in periodically to gain true

perspective. Without time for constructive thinking and creative silence we follow opinions of others like children trailing a hurdy-gurdy. Quietness has an affirmative guiding quality that is a prerequisite to saner living.

We read that men sometimes lose their reason in vast unbroken silences of frozen tundras. One wonders if a far greater number become unreasonable because of constant exposure to incessant noise and too constant association.

The child who early becomes conditioned to periods of solitude learns to turn within himself for strength to meet life's problems.

He learns to separate himself from many of life's distractions.

One family having constructed a new wing on their house made of it a spacious bedroom for their daughters. How many times they have wished it had been divided into two smaller ones. The literary girl's talents are frustrated by frequent practice of her musical sister. The musical one is repeatedly baffled because she must bow to the silence her sister requires.

Of course, it is often imperative that rooms be shared but every child needs a place where he can fence himself in to be completely

alone and such a nook can usually be devised.

Many confuse aloneness with loneliness but the two are far apart as the poles. The latter is a feeling of being shut away from others while aloneness is the choice to be enclosed with self for a worthwhile purpose.

Creative people everywhere treasure pearls of aloneness. Many children intuitively sense its worth. The little boy sitting alone on a rock, fishing rod clasped in his chubby hand, has shut out the world with an invisible fence. None can trace his silent searchings or fathom the simplicity of his meditation but the refreshing stimulation of such an hour often develops true awareness of a depth within he scarcely knew existed.

Since my own childhood when a large family shared both waking and sleeping hours I have regarded privacy as a gift from the Eternal. One did not come by it easily then. Perhaps this very elusiveness heightened its value. Slipping up back stairs to an unfinished attic, fenced out all human relationships and revelled in solitude. Here I learned to love invisible ideas and struggled to portray them in written words.

Every child needs a retreat; a place to call his very own where none may violate his privacy. Whether it be a workbench in some basement corner, a nook in the unporch, some attic hideaway or room completely his, each requires a personal thinking area.

Modern homes constructed with all-purpose living rooms and partial partitions may lend themselves to sociability but often do little to

encourage aloneness. Even here ingenuity and concern can usually plan some spot for personal retreat.

The Bible graphically illustrates merits of aloneness. Jesus often went apart to pray alone. Moses climbed Mt. Sinai alone to receive the Ten Commandments. Elijah meditated alone by the brook Cherith and David spent much time alone on hillside and pasture.

Surely amidst the complexities of modern living there is much to be gained by frequent withdrawal from life's hurly-burly of noise and hurry.

Most real growth is silent. We can't hear a plant manufacturing leaves or a bush creating rose petals. There is no sound when the human mind conceives fabulous ideas yet unfound in books. These are products of creative stillness.

Silence is a clearing in the forest, where one can establish a sense of direction. The child who early discovers this personal sphere will increasingly alert inner powers he scarcely knew existed. If your son paints, carves wood, builds models, or experiments with intricate mechanical devices he needs a place peculiarly his own to dream and achieve. If your daughter writes poems, creates beautiful fashions, or designs her own greeting cards she needs a spot fenced off, apart. Here each listens within to discover latent possibilities, unfold inherent talents.

The Harris family was moving into its new home. Despite careful planning the event reached a mounting crescendo of confusion by late afternoon. Moving men were stacking cartons and hampers

of small objects in an already bulging spare room. Baby was crying insistently in his couch by the hall. While Dad assembled beds for early retiring Mother searched frantically for her favorite alarm clock to restore a sense of timing to a hectic day. She wondered if it had been left behind. Stymied she gave up the search and carried the baby to the kitchen for his lunch, long overdue.

The men eventually finished and drove away. Having erected the last bed Dad sauntered outside leaving six-year-old Stevie alone in the cluttered spare room. Quietly the boy closed the door. Stillness seemed so complete, so soothing. Slowly he knelt by one carton after another listening to each in turn. Finally he heard something. A box partially obscured by others housed a tiny ticking sound. Stevie pressed his ear closer. He heard it again. It was Mother's clock! With a grown-up sense of accomplishment he unpacked it carefully and carried it to the kitchen.

Many of life's choicest discoveries are made in time spent apart. Fenced-off periods of aloneness uncover hidden possessions which would otherwise be forever overlooked.

Like Diogenes with his lantern looking for an honest man, let us lead our children in the light of frequent aloneness to discover their true, God-given possibilities. Providing the privilege of privacy and a place to fence themselves in is an upward step in satisfying creative urges which often lay foundations for a lifetime of purposeful living.

**"Silence is a clearing in the forest,
where one can establish a sense of direction."**

by Aubrey B. Haines

His Home Life Helped His Success

IN THE SUMMER OF 1958 seventy thousand persons gathered at Chicago's Grant Park to hear Van Cliburn play at two performances. Few of those persons realized that this young pianist's success may be traced to his home life.

All the sudden rise to fame, which followed his winning over all other contestants in the Moscow Tchaikovsky Piano Competition, puzzled the Texas youth. "I had to ask myself, 'What is success?'" he says. When Van arrived in Russia, he telephoned his parents and asked them to pray for him. "But I didn't ask that they pray for me to win," he adds. "To them winning isn't always the best thing. They prayed instead that God's will be done."

Van's parents have always been honest with him, even though it has been disconcerting at times. When he was six, he gave his second public recital. He had run into a tree and knocked out a front tooth. Two were already missing. So he pleaded with his mother not to make him go through the ordeal of trying to play.

She replied, "Just don't smile. God will do the rest with your hands."

Twenty-four years old, Van Cliburn stands six feet, four inches tall and has a towering head of curly blond hair. He weighs 165 pounds. His congenial personality is the outcome of Christian train-



Van Cliburn with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Harvey Lavan Cliburn, of Kilgore, Texas.

—Columbia Artists Management

ing at home. Deeply religious, he does not drink and gives twenty per cent of his income to the Baptist Church, of which he is a member.

Unafraid to let people know that he is religious, the youth went to the dressing room of Josef Krips, conductor of the Buffalo Philharmonic Orchestra, before appearing onstage. "May we have prayer together?" he asked. Together they fell to their knees. "God give us the grace and power to make good music together," Van implored.

Once the youth canceled a concert that would have brought him \$500 in order to play for a New Jersey church banquet. During Billy Graham's 1957 New York crusade Van was a member of the choir. He sat beside Miss Ethel Waters, the distinguished Negro actress and singer of radio, television, and films.

Born Harvey Lavan Cliburn, Jr., in Shreveport, the youth spent most of his boyhood in Kilgore, Texas. His mother could have become a concert pianist if her parents had not been against it. Instead she became a piano teacher, which she still is. Van was her pupil for fourteen years, beginning when he was three. He could read music long before he could read words. Before the boy was four, he gave his first recital.

In 1951 Van graduated from high school and won a scholarship to New York's Juilliard School of Music. Here his teacher was Madame Rosina Lhevinne, who eventually persuaded him to try for the Moscow competition.

Before he went to study with Mme. Lhevinne, however, Van's parents warned him of the pitfalls and frustrations of the music world. On the other hand they, also, offered him the love and security to overcome such frustrations.

This help enabled him to face reality. When urged to go to Moscow, Van was at his lowest ebb professionally. Winning the Leventritt Award, he had appeared with the New York Philharmonic Orchestra. That season he played thirty concerts. The next season the number dropped to twenty. The following year he scarcely made any appearances. Then his mother broke her back, and the youth rushed home to be near her and to teach her pupils.

Before his Moscow triumph Cliburn received \$500 to \$750 a concert. Today he asks \$3,500 for an appearance. Yet he could play just as well before his Moscow victory as after it.

Most heartening about Van's sudden rise to fame is the way he handles it. Having had a happy home life, he has endured his fame well. What most endeared him to many people occurred at the luncheon given him by Mayor Wagner of New York. Asked to speak, Cliburn began, "Really I was lucky."

Van prefers to think that his Moscow honor came not for himself, but for an American. Back home after the Moscow triumph Van was asked by reporters at the New York airport, "What do you think of your success?"

The youth was under no illusions. "This isn't success," he replied. "It's sensation."

Van swears that he cannot believe all this attention has come to one from the piney woods of Texas. He

was given a ticker-tape parade up Broadway, followed by a public reception at New York's City Hall. From there he went to Washington to be received by President Eisenhower. His first concert after his Russian appearance caused New York's Carnegie Hall to be deluged with the greatest demand for tickets in its history.

On his trip to Moscow Van took along a well-thumbed Bible. His Christian faith is revealed in his attitude toward persons, too. Many Americans are prejudiced against Russians because they hate communism. However, Van Cliburn loves people. The fact that they are Russians does not put him against them.

"My closest associates while in Moscow were two Russian pianists," he recalls. "They were Eduard Miansarov and Naum Shtarkman. Both of them placed high in the final rounds of the competition."

The first day that he went to the conservatory to practice, he heard a knock at the door. A smiling, congenial youth entered, saying, "Welcome to Moscow. I'm Eduard Miansarov but call me 'Eddie.'"

The youths spent the next two hours playing and singing together. From then on they and Naum were together throughout the musical contest. "I'd like to see these men and Lev Vlasenko, three prize-winning Russian pianists, come to America to perform for us," Van says. Thus his Christian spirit knows no barrier of race, creed, or political concepts.

His faith extends even to trusting God for more income. Though greatly in debt when he won the Moscow award, Van nevertheless gave \$1,250 of his

(Continued on page 30)

Pianist Van Cliburn rendering the Tchaikovsky concerto which helped him to win the international Tchaikovsky competition in Moscow.

—RCA Victor Photos



Worship in the Family with Children

To Use with Younger Children

The Swimming Pool

David and Donna were excited! The twins had good reason to be excited. Daddy was away from home on their birthday. When the postman came, he brought a big box. When the twins and Mother got it open, there was a funny plastic thing inside. David looked at Donna. Donna looked at David. Then Mother said, "Daddy sent you a swimming pool for your birthday!"

It was such fun to get the pool in the round frame that held up the sides. It was fun to hold the hose to fill it. It was fun to put on swim suits and splash in the cool water.

Sara lived next door. She came over into Donna's yard. "A swimming pool!" she said softly, but her eyes were bright and happy.

"Yes," Donna said, "it's our birthday swimming pool. It is just for David and me!" Then she splashed happily away.

Sara's eyes were no longer bright and happy. She stood watching for a while, then she went back into her own yard.

On the other side of Donna's and David's house lived Albert. He heard the laughing and the

splashing. He, too, came into their yard. His eyes were bright and happy, too.

"A swimming pool!" he, too, said, but he said it loudly, not softly as Sara had. "I'll go get my swim suit," he added.

"But this is *our* birthday swimming pool," David protested. "It is for us."

"But I want to play in it, too," Albert said loudly.

Inside the house, Mother heard. She came to the door in time to hear David and Donna say, "This pool is just for us."

Then Albert turned sadly and went home.

For the next few days, Donna and David played in their pool. Then they began to quarrel.

"Children!" Mother said, "what is wrong?"

"David always wants me to play his way," Donna said.

"Donna always wants me to play her way," David said.

"Then suppose you get out of the pool until you can play happily," Mother said.

Both children were restless. "I wish Sara and Albert would come over," they said.

"I'm afraid they won't," Mother said. "You told them they could not play in your pool."

"They can now," both children said quickly.

"But they don't know it," Mother said.

"Let's go tell them," the twins said, and they did.

That evening as they got ready for bed Donna said, "It's so much more fun when we share the pool."

"Yes, it is," David agreed. "I'm glad Sara and Albert came, too. Let's always share it!"

"And it's God's plan too," Mother said.

—Herbert Lanks from A. Devaney, N. Y.



Theme for August:

I Think About Visitors

A Word to Parents

The materials on this page and on the next two pages are for your use in moments of worship with your children. If you have a family worship service daily in your home, some of the materials here may be used at that time. If you use *The Secret Place*, you may find that some of them fit into the meditations in that booklet.

To Use with Older Children

When Visitors Belong

The primaries were singing "The World-wide Church." When they finished Mrs. Thomas asked, "When you sing this song, what do you think about?"

There was a silence. Several children looked at one another. Then Sue timidly raised her hand.

"I seem to see pictures—just like the words: us, here in our church, and other people all over the world in their churches," she said.

"I don't see pictures," Donald said. "I think about all the boys and girls: some white, some red, black, yellow, and brown."

"How can they all worship God?" Andy asked. "How do they know how?"

Lots of hands were raised.

"Bob," Mrs. Thomas said, "I think your hand was up first."

"It's because of missionaries who teach them," Bob answered.

"Yes," Sue added. "Remember when that missionary from India visited us last year? She told us how the Indian Christians worship."

"But missionaries are kind of visitors when they go to a country, aren't they?" Andy asked.

"I suppose so," Mrs. Thomas said. "In many countries they have to learn the language so they

can talk to the people. But do they remain visitors for long?"

After a while Bob answered, "I don't think so. If a visitor came to our house, then stayed for years, we would expect him to begin to do what we do. He would sort of belong to the family, I think."

"Yes, he would," several said.

"What do you think, Mrs. Thomas?" Andy asked.

"I think Bob is right. A missionary may seem like a visitor at first. After a while, he seems to belong. This is especially true of Christians. Let's read the words of the last stanza again."

The children read the words from their hymn chart.

"Of course," Andy said. "The visitor soon belongs because the church is everywhere! And being a member of the church makes a person a member of the family. I never thought of that before!"

"Then it means that when we go to visit, we are not really visitors at church?" Sue asked.

"We are members of God's family, so we can't be visitors," Bob said with a smile. Then he began to sing again. All the boys and girls joined him. This time they sang as if they *knew* they belonged!

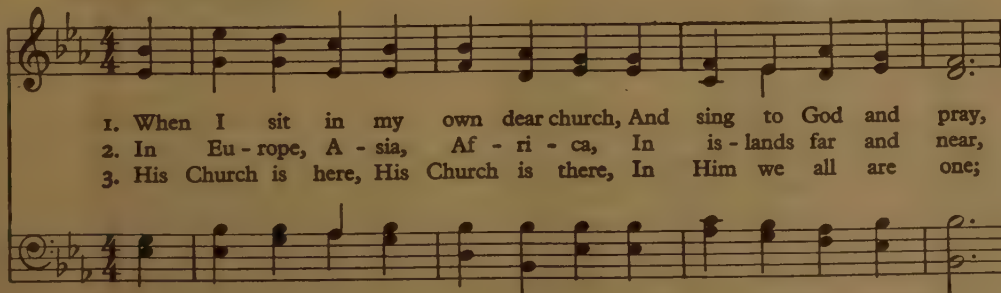
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The World-wide Church

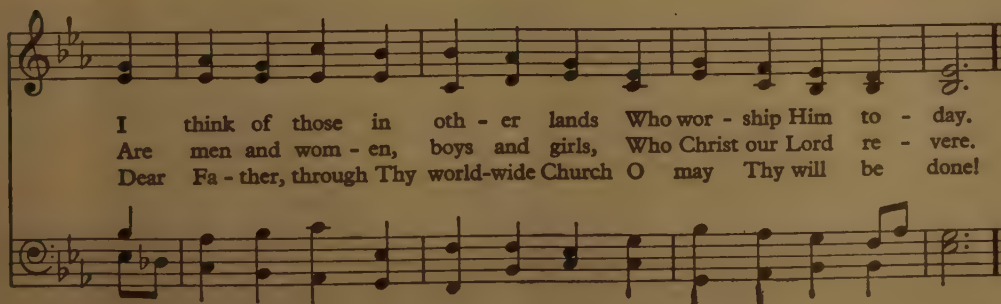
ST. PETER

Wilhelmina D'A. Stephens, 1944

Alexander Reinagle, c. 1836



1. When I sit in my own dear church, And sing to God and pray,
2. In Eu - rope, A - sia, Af - ri - ca, In is - lands far and near,
3. His Church is here, His Church is there, In Him we all are one;



I think of those in oth - er lands Who wor - ship Him to - day.
Are men and wom - en, boys and girls, Who Christ our Lord re - vere.
Dear Fa - ther, through Thy world-wide Church O may Thy will be done!

¹From *Hymns for Primary Worship*. Copyright, 1946, by The Westminster Press. Used by permission.

For Family Worship

Worship Center: If a worship center has become the focal point where your family gathers to share moments of worship, it may help to set the theme for this month. If you have mementos that recall happy experiences with visitors, they may be in the worship center with the open Bible and flowers; or if a visitor is expected in your home and you plan a gift for him, it may be in the worship center as you express thanks to God for the blessing that visitors can bring.

Call to worship:

Let us not love in word or speech but in deed and in truth.—1 John 3:18.

"This is my commandment, that you love one another as I have loved you."—John 15:12.

Song: Use the song on page 19 or choose one from this list: "A Happy Day," primary pupil's book, year one, winter quarter, page 35; primary pupil's book, year two, winter, "Lord, I Want to Be a Christian," page 6, "I Would Follow Jesus," page 35; "Round the World," primary pupil's book, year two, spring, page 14 (Bethany) and p. 16 (Judson).

Poem: Use one of the poems on this page or choose one of the following: Primary pupil's book, year two, winter, "When Jesus Was a Child Like Me," page 13, "Like Jesus," page 16; "When Jesus Walked Upon This Earth," primary pupil's book, year two, summer, page 29.

Story: If you wish to use a story, choose from the following: Primary pupil's book, year one, fall, "The First Christmas," page 33, "The Story as It Is Given in the Bible," page 37, "Visitors from Afar," page 40; primary pupil's book, year one, winter, "A Visit with Jesus," page 3, "Jesus and Zacchaeus," page 9; "A Home Jesus Liked to Visit," primary pupil's book, year one, spring, page 42; "The Boy Jesus in the Temple," primary pupil's book, year two, fall, page 8; "A Story of Three Friends," primary pupil's book, year three, summer, page 36.

Meditation: Plan your own meditation based upon a favorite passage of Scripture or upon any of the material suggested for your use; or use "Rules for Play and Work," primary pupil's book, year one, winter, page 45.

Another possibility for meditation is to think of the fact that the ancient Hebrews had laws about how to treat strangers (or visitors) among them.

"When a stranger sojourns with you in your land, you shall not do him wrong. The stranger who sojourns with you shall be to you as the native among you, and you shall love him as yourself; for you were strangers in the land of Egypt: I am the LORD your God."—Leviticus 19:33-34. Think about the meaning of these words.

Prayer: Pray your own prayer or use the one given here: "Dear God, we are glad for friends and relatives who visit us, and whom we visit. Help us always to remember the ways to make visits happy. Amen."

Thank You

Thank you, dear God, for everything:
For flowers that grow, for birds that sing;

For home and loving care each day,
For friends and happy times at play.

Teach me right things to say and do;
Help me to show my love for you.

—Esther F. Thom¹

Song of Joy

Today I sing
As a lark on the wing,
For Thou hast put gladness into my heart.
I've food and clothes and home and friends;
And all of the things that Thy goodness sends,
This world has a bountiful supply,
And other children as well as I
Have needs. O God, may I do my part
To put gladness into another heart.

—Virgie Evans Rogers²

With Thy Help

Help me think.
Help me grow.
Help me see the way to go.

Help me learn.
Help me do
All the things You want me to.

Help me Lord,
That I may be
Growing daily more like Thee.

—Lois Clement

Thank-You Song

I'm glad God made the sunshine,
I'm glad for cooling showers,
I'm glad he made the robins,
And all the lovely flowers.

I'm glad for juicy apples,
For water fresh and sweet,
For pretty, feathery snowflakes
Falling at my feet.

I'm glad that he made mothers,
And friends I love to see;
I want to thank him 'specially
For making me!

—Belle Chapman Morrill¹

¹From "Story World," copyright 1953 and 1954, by The American Baptist Publication Society. Used by permission.

²From "Juniors," copyright, 1951, by The American Baptist Publication Society. Used by permission.

DAVID HAD JUST moved to a kind of desert place in the West. That is, it would have been a desert place without water. But where the farmers ran the big streams of water, melons and grapes and big date trees grew and bore their fruit. David's father had bought a date orchard and David wandered around through the rows of tall palms that took such long ladders for the pickers to reach the fruit. David wished he could have a date tree all his own. So one day he asked his father if he might.

"I've been thinking of the same thing," his father said. "You know that tree out by the road. It isn't very big yet but there are lots of dates on it. You can have it for your very own. You had better start in right away to pick because some of the dates must be ripe already."

David thanked his father and went to get a step-ladder to stand on to reach the date clusters. Now dates grow in big bunches. To keep dust and rain off them, and to keep the birds from eating them, the farmers slip heavy paper tubes over the clusters. They tie these paper tubes to the fruit stem and let the open ends hang down over the dates. To get to the fruit, David had to push the paper tubes back. Since all the dates on the bunch don't ripen at the same time, he started very carefully pulling off a date here and there. He was working on his third cluster when an angry voice shouted up at him. Angry hands shook his ladder until he almost fell to the ground. He looked down. Juan, the Indian whose father worked for David's father, stood below him.

"You get right down out of my tree and stop stealing my dates," Juan shouted.

David came down the ladder. "They're not your dates, they're mine," he shouted back.

"They are too my dates," Juan cried. "Mr. Carver said so." Mr. Carver was the man from whom David's father had bought the farm.

"Mr. Carver isn't here any more," David cried back. "My father owns this place now and he gave this tree to me."

(Continued on page 30)



The Date Palm

by Enola Chamberlin

Wholesome family Tranquilizers

by Marge Frank

OUR MODERN AMERICAN SCENE shows bigger and better mental hospitals than ever before, and frequent and more nervous breakdowns and ulcers. Headaches, insomnia, and nervous tension plague nearly all of us.

Little wonder many people are fleeing to drugstores, begging for the new bottled relief from nervous tension—the much written about tranquilizer medicines. How disappointed many are, as they learn that these potions are not the answer to all our anxieties and unhappinesses, that frequently the thoughtless use of tranquilizers may stir up more difficulties than they solve.

Men, women, boys, and girls frequently find in their family life, tensions and frustrations as difficult to solve as any we find away from home. Family life can certainly contribute greatly either toward more nervous tensions, or toward calming us, as the tranquilizer drugs, at their best, are supposed to do.

Dad is tired and disturbed because business has dropped off at the office. Mother has been shopping and is both physically and nervously exhausted. Junior had a fight with his best pal, and now is defiantly walking around with a chip on his shoulder. Little Ellen fell on the way home from school,

and her good temper, too, is gone.

When these four come together for supper no one would be surprised to find an explosion. New hurts and recriminations will be added to their already troubled minds. Later, conscience pangs may prick each for their unfair treatment of the others, and we find a troubled group of people, much in need of help. The tensions in this case might be seen to come from pressures outside the home, but they, nevertheless, affect all the persons living there.

Tensions can also arise in our home situations. Joe and Betty White are mates who quarrel constantly over trifles. This is affecting their temperament both at home and away. Eventually this conduct will probably affect their physical as well as emotional good health, also. Their children, too, are becoming maladjusted at school because of the heated atmosphere at home.

We would not be facing our problem squarely, however, if we did not consider that tensions found in homes have the same basic causes as those found everywhere in present-day America.

We live too fast, attempt to do too much, get too little sleep, gulp down too much of the wrong kind of food. We constantly push ourselves too hard in the race for money, prestige, fame, and

power—claiming we are searching for happiness.

All day, while away from home, we try to be pleasant and “easy to get along with,” because we have been told that people who get ahead are people who can get along with others smoothly. We quietly take disappointments and frustrations, insults and injuries, and build a mountain of fury within ourselves.

Unfortunately, when we get home we somehow feel that here our sweet disposition is not so important. “Here they have to like us!” we think. (Do they?) So here we explode our feelings, as did the first family whom we discussed, and some members of the family will be injured, for when we love we leave ourselves wide open to real hurts by the ones whom we love.

Within our homes, also, there are plenty of causes of tensions: clashing personalities and temperaments, natural human selfishness, and problems centering on such common things as the family budget, the children, in-laws, sex maladjustment, or a wife’s working.

Although home life receives a battering from the outside world of tensions, it can also cause quite a few tensions of its own. We are thankful that we still find homes which are havens of peace and



—photo by erb

Do we have some time during the day when the family can be together and share experiences? Do we listen, so that all members will wish to share with us?

happiness. How can we make our homes places like these?

Let us first consider the negative side—things we do, and ways we too often act in our homes which make all of us yearn for that drug-store tranquilizer to help calm ourselves.

Are we too critical of each other? How much trouble we cause by trying to make over the other members of our families! Real friends can like each other as they are, it is said, realizing that even their faults are an important part of that person.

Do we face up to the petty annoyances and irritations which we may be causing the rest of our families? Though trifling at the beginning, they loom large as they are repeated over and over again.

Are we complainers, and critical of everyone and of everything which happens? Are we chronic worriers who spread doubt and gloom, like a strong wind which

blows dust to scatter it wherever it goes? Are we the family “kill-joy” who always sours the joys of everyone else?

No family, or individual member of it, is guiltless of all of the above mistakes, but are such tension causers the rule or the exception in your home?

Just as there are many forces producing tension in the family, so there are many ways we can help our homes to be havens of tranquility, which will sooth the troubled spirits of its members more satisfactorily than any pills from a bottle.

I shall always remember my grandmother telling us, when I was a child, to be more kind, when tempers were frayed and harsh words had been spoken. So simple, so Christian—“Love one another as God has loved you”—and yet so seldom in the forefront of our consideration as we act hastily, and speak thoughtlessly to those we

love most.

Love, wherever found, must be tended like a garden, or it, too, will wither away. Do we show our love to our families by being understanding when one or another has some particular trouble? When Mother’s parent dies, or Dad loses a promotion, or Junior breaks his arm? Or, so much harder to do, when smaller, less obvious things are vexing them?

Do we exchange confidences in our family, so that the others can share our joys and sympathize with our sorrows? Are we good listeners, so the others will wish to share with us? An atmosphere where all feel free to talk things over is a thing to be coveted and sought after, like the pearl of great price.

Is co-operation a rule in our family? When family living becomes a contest of wills, all share in the tension which results. Do we all realize that for any one of

us to be happy, all must be willing to compromise at times?

Do we do things together, so that we really know each other, and enjoy each other's company? Shared pleasures build family strength and understanding, beyond measure. Who can forget the picnic in the backyard, the church social, the vacation out West, which all the family enjoyed together? Often after these periods of "togetherness" family groups find it easy to share confidences.

Families, like individuals, can become too ingrown and wrapped up in themselves, until self-concern makes them forget all about those outside the family circle. How fast fault finding races into that family group. What a wonderful outlet our churches are for whole families to help each other, and other families throughout the world!

Self-confidence can be gained or lost faster in the family group than anywhere else. Can our fam-

ily members be taught to give that little word of praise to boost each other? It's so easy to carelessly destroy the other fellow by frequent, thoughtless criticism.

What about family goals? Nothing can give a family solidarity faster than to be working together for something worthwhile, perhaps a material thing like a new house, or that trip out West. Or even better if they are working for something spiritual like building the self-confidence of a mem-

for "Wholesome Family Tranquilizers"

Study Guide



I. Leader's Preparation

It is the leader of any discussion group who largely carries the responsibility for its success or failure.

The topic which you will be helping your friends to consider is very new, as are the new tranquilizing medicines. At the same time it is very old, for from the many Bible references to peace of mind we must deduce that men have had desires for relief from tensions since the beginnings of time.

If you will prepare yourself by carefully reading this *Hearthstone* article and as many of the suggested helps as possible (see Section IV) and passages from the New Testament, as mentioned in Section II, your meeting will be materially improved.

We will hope that you have been given this guide early so that you can give those to whom you wish to assign reports (as noted in the next section) ample time to prepare these. These reports will add much to the interest of your program if they are well done.

II. Conducting the Meeting

Because this is a meeting of a group of Christians, we should like to suggest that it should be opened by a prayer, or perhaps the group would like to try sentence prayers.

This type of program will be most valuable if it is summarized well at its conclusion. Appoint some person skilled in taking short, accurate notes to act as stenographer. Have these notes, or a summary of them, given at the close

of your discussion. It will be very helpful if the person who is to take the notes is warned ahead of time, so he or she will come prepared. Ask the note taker to try to keep his summary to five minutes.

Because the tranquilizers are still quite new, it might be well to devote the first part of your meeting to some reports prepared by several members of your group. These, of course, must be assigned and prepared well ahead of the meeting.

It would be most helpful to have a report or two concerning the modern tranquilizing medicines. Some recent magazine articles on the subject of tranquilizers will be available in most libraries. These can be found by referring to the latest *Reader's Guide*.

Other worthwhile and helpful reports which would be shared with your group could be based on the chapters from the books noted.

Still other reports should come from the New Testament. Individuals from your group should read one or more of the Gospels, searching out Jesus' references to the way a Christian will meet adversity. Note where these passages are found, and have a few read aloud to the group. A good starting point would be the Sermon on the Mount beginning in Matthew 5.

After these preparatory reports have been given, the magazine article in *Hearthstone* should be summarized in some manner. You may wish to do this

yourself, or assign it to another member of your group.

Ask that all of these reports be kept within five to ten minutes, and do not assign more than four or five.

Your group should now be ready to discuss some of the new and old ideas which have just been brought to their attention.

Invite questions from the group for discussion. If these are slow in coming, you will have to present some of your own, or use those found in Section III of this "Study Guide." Remember, always, that a good discussion leader does as little talking himself as possible.

As the time draws near to complete your discussion, advise your stenographer of this fact, so that he can be preparing his statement and let the meeting close with his summary.

III. Questions for Discussion

1. Discuss the use of tranquilizers in modern American life. When is their use justified and when is their use to be questioned?

2. Discuss some of the common causes for tension in the modern home. Consider: a) those coming from conditions and events outside the home, and b) those caused by the home situation, itself.

3. Is it necessary to stay on our best behavior at home, or is home a place to "let your hair down," the only place where you can be yourself and say what you think?

4. How can we create an atmosphere in our families so that confidences will be freely exchanged among its members?

5. What can we do to make our families and ourselves adaptable and flexible, so that we will not be crushed when fate deals us blows?

6. What do we understand Jesus to mean when he talks of his peace, and its being different from that offered by the world?

(Continued on page 30.)

er who feels defeated, or striving after mutual understanding when t seems to have vanished. Finally, a family, like an indi-vidual, must have some bounce and flexibility. If a family has earned to adapt to both failure and success, the individuals in it will also have this ability, and will not be completely crushed when serious trouble comes. This is one of the most difficult suggestions we have made. Here it is that our Christian faith will be our strength.

We modern Americans will not live a tranquil life, and yet we pray for relief from our tensions and griefs, many of which we are directly responsible for ourselves. Is this a Christian way to live? A Christian must choose where he will use his limited strength and energy. Jesus tells us to put first the kingdom of God, and the other things of which we have need will be added. He tells us that those who worry are not trusting God,

“Let the day’s own trouble be sufficient for the day.” God who watches over the lilies and the sparrows surely watches over us, too. And he promises, “Peace I leave with you; my peace I give to you; not as the world gives do I give to you. Let not your hearts be troubled, neither let them be afraid.” He speaks to the members of Christian families everywhere—to you and to me. Are we listening?

BIBLEGRAM

by Hilda E. Allen

Guess the words defined below and write them over their numbered dashes. Then transfer each letter to the correspondingly numbered square in the pattern. The colored squares indicate word endings. Reading from left to right, the filled pattern will contain selected quotation from the Bible.

A	David's son who became a wise king -----	9	45	28	34	21	5	41
B	Company of travelers journeying through the desert -----	24	12	6	82	65	40	47
C	To stain or make unclean -----	61	71	49	108			
D	Went swimming -----	44	18	55	2	38	20	
E	Airplane driver -----	94	52	30	81	110		
F	The largest continent -----	107	90	74	112			
G	Ten years -----	7	56	13	120	42	69	
H	Starlight time -----	50	89	37	111	80		
I	What the apostle Simon Peter did for a living -----	26	8	75	88	3	121	
J	Refrain at the end of verses of a song -----	91	68	99	23	46	102	
K	Color of an oriole -----	10	92	4	58	122	19	
L	An over-sized man -----	51	14	85	100	62		
M	To despise or hate -----	63	77	35	1	116	66	
N	Black and blue, or ashy gray -----	83	25	104	98	79		

O	Dresses -----	76	103	32	53	97		
P	Poorest parts of cities -----	118	84	16	93	54		
Q	Horse food -----	59	78	48	73	115	11	
R	Sand bank or bar which makes the water shallow -----	96	114	31	57	109		
S	Shaped like a circle -----	72	15	27	36	87		
T	Type of clock -----	43	70	60	106	119		
U	Blemish or stain -----	33	95	101	86	67		
V	Oceans -----	17	105	117	29			
W	Ripped -----	113	64	39	22			

(Solution on page 30.)

		1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
9		10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17
18	19	20		21	22	23	24	25	26
27	28	29	30	31	32		33	34	
35	36	37	38	39	40	41	42		43
44	45	46	47	48	49	50	51		52
53	54	55	56	57	58	59	60	61	62
63	64	65	66	67	68	69	70	71	72
73	74	75		76	77	78	79		80
81	82	83	84		85	86	87	88	89
90	91	92	93	94	95	96	97	98	99
100	101	102		103	104	105	106	107	108
109	110	111	112	113		114	115		116
117	118	119	120	121	122				

Recorders blend together beautifully, so that the entire family can take part in duets, trios, and quartets.



BLOW

UNLIKE PEOPLE IN advertisements, my family didn't laugh when I sat down at the piano. They groaned and moaned (and in the case of the dog, howled) and ended up by telling me that if I didn't know the tune, I shouldn't play. Similar reactions greeted my attempts at guitar strumming, accordion squeezing, and even soft singing. About the only musical activity I was allowed was switching the phonograph off and on and I didn't always do that harmoniously enough to satisfy.

Things are different now because I've found the instrument anyone can play—and I say in all sincerity as a gal who never learned to read music and was told to go read a good book during singing classes in P.S. 36.

The instrument that changed my life, musically at any rate, and turned me into a ten-day-wonder is called a recorder and I don't mean that kind that gobbles up tape at the rate of an inch a minute.

My recorder is a member of the flute family and though it's simple to play and inexpensive to buy, it boasts a musical history any instrument would be proud to own.

Originally a folk instrument, the recorder came into its own during the sixteenth century when you ran the risk of being the Elizabethan equivalent of a square if you didn't own one.

Shakespeare's Hamlet was a recorder enthusiast and even gives a first-class set of instructions for playing one when he says, "Govern these ventages with your finger and thumb, give it breath with your mouth, and it will discourse most eloquent music." And he winds it up by saying truthfully, "'Tis as easy as lying." Even King Henry VIII found time for the recorder (though history doesn't say when) for he had a collection of 76 of them.

The recorder's musical background is good, too. Bach wrote many works featuring the recorder and in many cases the flute has been substituted for the recorder mainly because of a lack of competent recorder players.

After 1750 the recorder lost its popularity, but during the last twenty-five years it has been regaining some of its former glory and today the music shops offer recorder music ranging from the early masters to folk songs and dances and new compositions.

The nicest thing about a recorder (apart from the ease of playing it) is the fact that it's just as much fun alone as with a group. If you're the solitary type who likes to tootle away when the family is out of the house you can enjoy yourself without a piano accompaniment.

Don't count on keeping your new musical pet to

YOUR OWN HORN

by **Lorrie McLaughlin**

PHOTOS FROM THE AUTHOR



The recorder is fun to play alone, too. It's pure bliss for the solitary type who likes to tootle away for hours.

yourself for very long though—unless, of course, your family is vastly different from mine!

Before you've done much more than master "Block-flute Player" and "Sleep, Baby, Sleep" everyone from Junior to Grandpa will be trying to get into the act.

Luckily, recorders are inexpensive and come in a variety of sizes. We started off with a descant or soprano recorder in plastic at a dollar fifty and gradually increased our collection. Wooden recorders start at about four dollars and range to as much as sixty for a big bass one.

There are five members of the recorder family; the sopranino, which is the smallest and easiest for children to handle since the holes are closest together and the instrument itself is only about nine inches long. The rest of the family consists of the descant, the alto or treble, the tenor and the bass which is about three feet long.

A good instruction book costs a dollar and teaches you the fundamentals of music along with the fingering. If you can't read music, the diagrams soon remedy this lack, and before you've finished page one you'll be playing a two- or three-note melody. As a matter of fact, during a two-week illness, our twelve-year-old worked her way through the first book of instructions and had a repertoire ranging

from "Mary Had a Little Lamb" to a Strauss waltz, Theme from a Mozart Piano Sonata, and Santa Lucia.

The various recorders blend together beautifully, so that the entire family can take part in duets, trios, and quartets. Since they're small and easy to carry, we take ours along on motor trips so that everyone but the driver can take part in mobile concerts.

Obviously, self-teaching hasn't turned any of us into recorder players of such excellence that we're ready to perform with the Philharmonic, but we've had endless hours of family fun, put in many a long afternoon, and struck (or blown) up a passing acquaintance with music we would never have known otherwise.

We've found that our recorders lend themselves ideally to hymns, and our Sunday afternoon "hymn-play" has become as popular as singing around the piano. Our shy twelve-year-old, who would never participate in Sunday church school pageants, has found that with the recorder in her hands and the music in front of her, an audience holds no terrors.

Our recorders have opened the door to an all-round family hobby, one that can be transported from the home to a Church family night with equal ease.

These days, when someone in our family says "go blow" they're talking strictly in terms of music!

Your Child's Friends

(Continued from page 2)

In many public schools today children of different races are sitting in classrooms and playing on playgrounds together. These children have different religious backgrounds. These differences do not bother the young child. He has no concern for color, race, or creed. He looks for a friendly companion. If parents want to prevent the growth of race prejudice, they must be as willing as their children to practice equality. We must see the jolly disposition, the friendly ways of playing, the kind deeds, that draw one child to another. We must respect our child's choice of friends. By our own attitudes we can help our children see other racial and cultural groups as individuals worthy of respect and friendship.

The ability to make friends is a valuable asset. Encourage your child to make friends with all sorts of people. They will be a constant source of enrichment in his life. Teach him by your own example of kindness, courtesy, respect, and friendliness. Help him by providing happy experiences with many people: old and young; men, women, and children; rich and poor; of all creeds and convictions, of other nationalities, races, and cultures. It will help in time to make a well-adjusted adult of your child.

Good Old Uncle Bud

(Continued from page 8)

The phone ringing downstairs awakened Bud. Everything seemed unreal as he heard his Mother's voice laughing, "That's right, she did," the voice went on. "Went right to the hospital from the shower. Girl, seven pounds two ounces."

Then Bud heard his mother's laughter trill, "Nancy Jane . . . isn't that wonderful?"

Bud glared at his horsehead rug. So good old Uncle Bud had a niece! Nancy Jane . . . why that was Mother's name. His dad's head thrust through the door startled him but he couldn't resist it, "Morning, Granddad," Bud said quickly.

"You scamp," Dad grinned back. "Come on, breakfast can't wait on that phone."

He left but returned hastily. "How was the fair we missed so completely?" Bud barely hesitated. "Fine," he said casually. "Just fine, Dad."

His father's expression was quizzical but he repeated the breakfast call and left. Nothing more was said during breakfast. Mother kept jumping up to get the phone or explaining to Dad who'd called. Bud was glad to escape to feed Herman and Tessie.

"You won me a blue ribbon," he told them soberly. "That's just the very best, you know. Nobody cares but us. Maybe it'll be in the paper. If they're not too busy with Lindy's old girl baby, they might mention it to me."

He poked Herman with his finger. "But I'm not going to tell them, and what's more, I'm not going to be any more interested in their old baby than they are in you."

The week end was a nightmare of waiting around the hospital reception room and leafing through the same old magazines.

"Sorry they won't let you go see her," Dad sympathized, getting ready to go up again.

"That's okay, Dad," Bud told him honestly. Actually he dreaded seeing her. Instead of being excited it was just a big blob of nothing. Instead of the baby he kept seeing the beautiful blue ribbon, hidden like something shameful between chapters ten and eleven of *Treasure Island*. And every day that it stayed there he knew it would be harder to take it out.

It surprised Bud to have his Dad stop for him after school Tuesday.

"Holiday or something?" Bud asked slipping into the car beside him.

"Just special," Dad grinned. "Took the afternoon off to welcome little Nancy home. This Grandfather business is all right," he added sheepishly.

Bud was silent in the drive across town. He felt a little sick—and a little curious too. He'd never seen a real new baby before except Herman and Tessie. But it wasn't the baby part that made him sick; it was the trouble it made of everything. It was Lindy all over again, and a nephew who wasn't going to be, and Mom and Jim fussing instead of laughing.

But most of all it was the Blue Ribbon nobody asked about. Not once since Dad's question had it been mentioned.

The first thing that struck Bud following Dad inside was Lindy herself. She looked different. Her pale hair shone and the glow of her smile caught Bud off guard. Her voice was even softer than he remembered, "Bud," she said softly, like seeing him was some special treat.

He took the hand she held out and without meaning to, let her pull him over for a kiss on the cheek. Jim, behind the basket, was grinning with his arm around Mother.

"I'm mixed up," Bud blurted out in confusion. "I thought you two were fighting. Then you went and named the baby after her."

Jim laughed heartily. "There's a boy that calls a spade a shovel," he said. "I had a time with her but she's straightening out fine."

"I still don't understand," Mother said fretfully. "But it's hard to stay mad at Nancy's daddy." She leaned over the basket lovingly.

Bud watched them stare at the baby.

All he could see was a hump of pink blanket and he assured himself that it was plenty too.

"I always said I wanted Lindy to be like you," Jim went on poking the bundle carefully. "But she'll never be independent and capable as long as her mom does all her thinking for her."

Mother stared soberly before laying a hand on Jim's arm. "That's the nicest thing to say, Jim," she said humbly. "I apologize."

Watching them, Bud didn't see what Lindy was doing until too late. She had the bundle right in front of him and he couldn't get away for anything. He appealed to Dad with a glance.

"She won't bite," Dad laughed. "No teeth."

And there she was, right on his lap. She was frightening light to be so important to them all. He fitted his hands around the edges to keep it from sliding off. The thing inside wiggled, and desperately fearful, Bud tightened his grip. As he did, the fingers of his left hand touched the little head.

The thrill of a new experience went through him. He stared down at the baby who stretched tiny red arms rigidly above its head. The wrinkles of the face changed position as dark blue eyes opened to stare at Bud. They traveled carefully over his face as if she meant to memorize it. The triangle mouth spoke tiny wordless sounds as she searched the unknown country of Bud's face.

They were all about him now, watching breathlessly.

"How bright she is, for five days old," Mom breathed.

"Practically an old woman," Jim teased. "What was her birthday again?"

Still staring back at the baby, Bud answered, "Friday the seventeenth."

"Bud," Lindy said delighted. "I'm flattered you remembered."

"That was the day I won the Blue Ribbon at the fair," he said, so calmly

(Continued on page 31.)

Your Teen-ager Is Different

(Continued from page 12)

No doubt, you are anxious for your teen-ager to make happy social adjustments. You understand his need to have interests and customs similar to those of his friends. You encourage him to develop relationships with his peers but you create an environment and set an example that make it possible for him to be "different," and true to his faith without feeling completely cut-off and alone.

As you guide your child through his teen-age years, you must never forget that he is different from those around him. He is a very special individual with his own potentialities. You must help him live wisely the very special life that God has made it possible for him to live.



Family Counselor

Q I HAVE BEEN given a good "dressing down" by the thirteen-year-old girl in our family because I told her that she cannot wear jeans, pedal pushers, and so forth in the classroom at school. Well, she went upstairs and put a skirt on over the pedal pushers, and walked out with her nose in the air. I tell her that she should like the jeans with her and when it's time for the baseball game, she can put them on.

The children go to school in a small village of about 200 people. The school is small, too. There are no wealthy people in this community, a farming area.

Dorothy gets \$25.00 per month allowance and she is to buy her clothes out of this money.

When this incident occurred I received the same answer I get for everything—"I have to buy my own clothes, so you have nothing to say about what I wear."

I feel that since we give her the allowance in the first place, I did not say or do anything I shouldn't have.

I have also told her that she cannot wear her hair in pin curls at school.

Is it really true that "everyone else" wears jeans (tight ones, too) in the schoolroom? Am I really as mean as she says I am because I say "no" to these two things?

Don't girls look much nicer when their hair is combed out and they have on dresses instead of jeans and skirts? What boy couldn't rather look at girls who look like girls instead of those

who go around with their hair in pin curls, shirttails hanging out, and jeans rolled up to their knees?

I feel there is a place for jeans but certainly not in the classroom.

I'll certainly appreciate your comments on this matter.

A All parents of adolescent girls can sympathize with you in the "dressing down" you received from your thirteen-year-old—and many undoubtedly have had similar experiences. This clash between the "good judgment" of the parents and the desire of the adolescent to conform to the pattern of behavior of her peers is probably inevitable at times. Remember, also, that one way an adolescent can express her growing desire for independence is to differ with her parents.

From the standpoint of an adult you are correct, of course, in feeling that tight blue jeans are not appropriate for school, and that wearing the hair in pin curls is not the best way to win admiring glances from the boys.

From the standpoint of your daughter, however, it is not so much what adults think that counts—and especially what you as a parent think—as it is what conforms to the thinking of her group. If the girls she runs around with are in jeans and pin curls, it can be quite embarrassing to her to be "attractively

dressed"! This is something that parents need to understand—and to a certain extent, to accept. In other words, let our adolescents conform to their group behavior insofar as that behavior does not involve the lowering of moral standards or outrageously bad taste.

There is no special value in your continuing to nag your daughter about how she looks. Your best approach will be an indirect one. In the first place, the school authorities might very well take the position that jeans and pin curls are not to be worn to school. If there are other mothers who feel as you do, perhaps you can work through your P.T.A. to see if the school itself will not take a stand on this issue.

See if the school can provide for the girls a course that would consider personality development, how to develop charm, how to dress attractively, and how to use cosmetics. Such a course could also deal with such matters as good taste in dress and in appearance in general. If the school cannot provide such a course, perhaps the parents could employ someone to give a series of talks and lead discussions on these topics, as an extracurricular activity for the girls in the school. This would take your problem away from a personal contest of wills between you and your daughter, and provide an impersonal approach to the problem.

Donald M. Maynard

Study Guide

(Continued from page 24)

IV. Available Helps

Books

- Bigelow, Wm. F. *Good Housekeeping Marriage Book*. New York: Prentice-Hall, 1938, \$1, Chap. 5.
- Liebman, Joshua L. *Peace of Mind*. New York: Simon and Schuster, 1946, \$2.50.
- Peale, N. V. and Blanton, Smiley. *The Art of Real Happiness*. New York: Prentice-Hall, 1950, \$2.75, Chap. 7.
- Schindler, John A. *How to Live 365 Days a Year*. New York: Prentice-Hall, 1954, \$3.95, Chap. 10.
- Smith, Leslie R. *This Love of Ours*. New York: Abingdon-Cokesbury, 1947, \$1.50, Chap. 22.
- Templeton, Chas. B. *Life Looks Up*. New York: Harper and Bros., 1955, \$2.50, Chap. 6.
- Trueblood, Elton. *The Common Ventures of Life*. New York: Harper and Bros., 1945, \$1, Chap. 2.
- Werner, Hazen G. *Real Living Takes Time*. New York: Abingdon Press, 1948, \$2, "Everything All Right at Home?"

Parental Chuckle

The Parent's Hour

In Longfellow's time, it would seem,
The children were lucky if they
Had sixty minutes to call their own
Out of each and every day.

But now in this modern era
Of children's limitless power,
You ask yourself in all fairness,
Just what is the parents' hour.

—Joan Tomkinson

His Home Life Helped His Success

(Continued from page 17)

\$6,250 Moscow prize money to the City of New York to help launch other young artists.

Having run up large debts, about which his parents knew nothing, the youth was confronted with the gigantic need for Christian faith. If fear should overwhelm him, he would become a most miserable failure. "But the danger was not too great," he recalls. "For while the brick of my life is music, the mortar is faith."

At this point Cliburn explains the relationship between music and his faith. "I have large hands," he says, "which can reach twelve notes at a time. Thus I can practice daily hours at a time. Yet when I walk out to give a concert, I'm never certain that I shall play correctly without faith."

For years the Cliburn family have had daily devotionals. "Van was brought

up on faith from the cradle up," his father says. "What can he do without God? He never tackles anything without using his Christian faith."

Looking toward the future, Van sees the desperate need for strength to meet whatever awaits him. He realizes, too, that this strength can come only from prayer. Inside he longs for peace of mind but knows that this cannot come without practicing the presence of God.

"God is with me all along my unknown future and has been from the very beginning," he says. "He is with me now amidst the pressure of material success, when I must hide in order to practice in private. Closeness to God is the only real hope for success."

Several other able young American pianists could probably have survived the prize-winner's spotlight with equal modesty and charm. "Van Cliburn not only survived," says Raymond Kendall of the Los Angeles *Mirror News*. "He possesses the resources to move steadily forward in his career. What fall can be in the offing for one whose talent and training are as substantial as his?"

The Date Palm

(Continued from page 21)

Juan looked out at the big bunches of dates. He looked out at the desert hills. He looked down at his feet. He looked at David.

"Yes, I know your father bought the farm," Juan said sadly. "I just thought Mr. Carver had told him that this tree was mine. He planted it for me when I was born. It's been mine forever, now it isn't any more."

"No, it's mine now," David said. "My father bought it and he gave it to me."

But Juan was not listening. He was walking back across the field to where he lived.

"The very idea of his wanting my dates," David said. But he didn't go up the ladder again. He went out across the field to where his own house sprawled under the cottonwood trees. Some way this all made him think of something that had happened to him. For a little he couldn't think what it was. Then suddenly he remembered.

It was in the place where he had lived before he moved here. As long as he could remember, the blackberry vines had come through the fence from the neighbor's yard. He had been told that all the berries on his side were his. And then some new people had moved in to the neighbor's house. They had trained all the vines so that they grew on their side of the fence only. David had never got any berries again. He remembered now how he had felt.

Suddenly he stopped. No wonder he was thinking of that. Why Juan, the Indian boy, was just like he was. The dates were his! Then someone else bought the farm and they weren't his any more. David turned around and

began to run. Out across the field he scooted until he came to Juan's house.

"Juan, Juan," he called.

Juan came out of the door. David was so out of breath he could scarcely speak.

"The dates," he gasped. "The dates. They are yours, not mine. You take them. You pick them when they are ripe."

Juan held out his hand. A big smile swept across his face.

"We take them together," he said. "some yours, some mine. We be friends, date-tree friends."

David smiled back. It would be more fun picking dates with Juan than it would be picking them alone. And Juan would never have to feel as David had felt when he couldn't have any more blackberries.

Biblegram Solution

(Biblegram on page 25)

SOLUTION: "The LORD is gracious and merciful, slow to anger and abounding in steadfast love. The LORD is good to all, and his compassion is over all that he has made" (Psalm 145: 8-9).

The Words

A Solomon	L Giant
B Caravan	M Loathe
C Soil	N Livid
D Bathed	O Gowns
E Pilot	P Slums
F Asia	Q Fodder
G Decade	R Shoal
H Night	S Round
I Fished	T Alarm
J Chorus	U Taint
K Golden	V Seas

W Tore

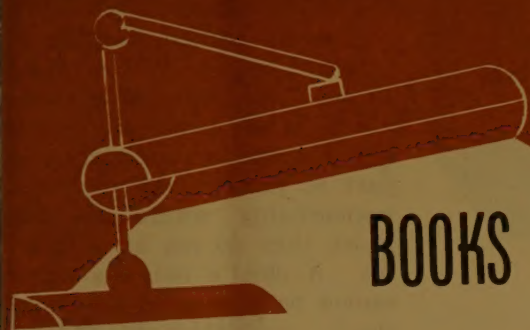
Recording for the Future

(Continued from page 10)

camping trip, had a show-off father, an attention-getter. For example he sped around dangerous mountain curves just to hear his friends cry out in alarm. Whenever Jimmy did something annoying his mother would say, "Oh, I can't do a thing with you. You're just like your father," and Jimmy would beam for he knew he was succeeding in his desire to be like his father.

The power of example for good or bad cannot be underestimated and should not be overlooked when raising children. Everything we do and say is being recorded as surely as if a recording machine were in operation, because little eyes and ears are busy at work stamping it on their brains for future use. Just as a record is made to be played over and over so do our children play "their record" back to us.

Taking my doctor's advice "to learn about child raising" was the wisest thing I ever did. I know it helped me with my records. Perhaps it could help you.



BOOKS for the hearthside

For Children

Two new books will delight preschool children. **Little Bruin Keeps House**, pictures and story by Haaken Christensen (Abingdon Press, 1959, unpagged, \$1.75) is about Little Bruin, his friend, Michael the Fox, and their house on an island. Here they fish, clean house for company, and get everything ready for party for Father and Mother Bruin.

Lars-Peter's Birthday, by Virginia Allen Jensen (Abingdon Press, 1959, unpagged, \$1.75), tells about a little boy in Denmark who always went shopping with his mother. Little sister Lisa rode in the basket seat on the handlebars of Mother's bicycle, but Lars-Peter rode in the fender seat. All he could see was Mother's cotton coat, because she was so big and he was so small! All Lars-Peter could think of was having a bike all his own so that he could see all that was going on around him. Each day as they rode, Lars-Peter asked when he would be big enough for a bike, and each day Mother answered him. What he does as he waits for the bike makes a story that young children will enjoy.

A delightful book for juniors is **Mountaintop Summer**, by Eleanor Joyes Johnson (Broadman Press, 1959, 64 pages, \$2.50). The story begins with Daddy just recovering from a long illness and the doctor telling him that he must go to the mountains. Mother is determined that she and the children, Joey and Janie, will go, too. They load the old station wagon and start off. In an out-of-the-way spot high in the mountains in Colorado, the car boils and stops. The family finds a deserted cabin and moves in. The three months are filled with adventure and happiness. The story ends in a way to please boys

and girls. Bernard Case's illustrations add to the vividness of the story.

For Young People

Baseball fans will appreciate Wilfred McCormick's latest book, **The Proud Champions** (David McKay Company, Inc., 1959, 176 pages, \$3.00). This is one in a series of The Rocky McCune Sports Stories on baseball. Rocky McCune is the coach of Koulee High. His team is promising for the first time in many years and is at the brink of offering a revival of enthusiasm for sports to a lethargic town. However, there are complications. Someone inadvertently has pushed for McCune to receive the Coach of the Year award. This puts the Koulee team in disrepute by the other schools. Tension continues to mount. Finally the big day arrives for the tournament to begin. Young readers will thrill to the packed action and conflict.

A new mystery story, **Barrowmead Hill** by Berthram Edwards (David McKay Company, Inc., 1959, 181 pages, \$2.75), has been voted first rate by young people in England. The story is about David Thomas, who picks the unfriendly town of Borrowmead for his vacation. All seems to go wrong when he announces his intentions of camping on "the Hill." A little old lady warns him of the deathsmear received by many a child who ventured to Barrowmead Hill at night. To add to the intended scare a Mr. Livermore appears to emphatically state that camping is not allowed on the Hill in spite of the lack of posting. All warnings were to no avail. Now David had to camp on the Hill. Besides, it was ideal for camping and there would be an excellent view from the top. He tries, but Mr. Livermore appears, once again, and orders

him off. The mystery of the Hill becomes a puzzle to be solved!

For Parents

Bible Readings for Boys and Girls (Thomas Nelson and Sons, 1959, 256 pages, illustrated) is a book parents will want to consider purchasing. It is a book of Bible readings carefully selected for use by boys and girls of the fourth, fifth, and sixth grades. As such it will no doubt prove to be exceptionally useful, and it may therefore be highly recommended for this purpose. The book is attractively printed, in good readable type suitable for boys and girls. It is arranged in paragraph style with verse references given inconspicuously so as not to interfere with the reading. It is illustrated in black and white and full-color by Lynd Ward. While it is not intended to be a substitute for the reading of the whole Bible, it is anticipated that it will serve a useful purpose in providing for children in the language of the Revised Standard Version an introduction to the Bible which at one and the same time provides a straightforward account of the Bible story and offers passages of deep significance in the literature of the people of Israel and of the early church. Boys and girls who have difficulty in reading will find themselves becoming acquainted with the Biblical literature in this readable form, and will be ready to move from this to the reading of the whole Bible without a difficult transition.

This book is highly recommended for children of these ages. Through their reading of this attractive volume of Scripture, it is believed that they will become familiar with the message and will be drawn to the Bible as a book that has meaning for their lives as well as for the lives of their parents.

Good Old Uncle Bud

(Continued from page 28.)

that it startled him.

"Blue Ribbon," Dad almost yelled. "And here we haven't mentioned it for fear you were feeling bad about not winning."

"Blue Ribbon," Mom repeated, making the words sound three feet tall.

Jim patted him excitedly. "You'll be some Uncle Bud for Nancy to follow."

Lindy kissed him again, "I'm so proud, Bud," she said earnestly. "And relieved too. I was afraid you were jealous of her, like I was when you came. But all the time it was the blue ribbon!" she leaned close. "Bud, what do you think of my baby?"

If he had thought even a minute he wouldn't have said it, "She's a honey, Sis," he blurted out. "Her hair feels just like Tessie's."

Mother's shocked gasp was followed by laughter that stirred the bassinet ruffles. But Lindy didn't laugh. She rubbed her cheek against Bud's and said gently, "That's a blue ribbon compliment for my book any old time."

OVER THE BACK FENCE

What Do You Do?

For nearly ten years *Hearthstone* has endeavored to give guidance to parents with young children in all matters pertaining to Christian family living. Chief among the materials published each month without fail has been the section entitled Worship in the Family with Children.

This is written in March just after the *Hearthstone* planning conference for 1960. The editors, whose names you see on the inside cover page, discussed long and seriously the content of the worship pages. At least three different patterns have been used to present the worship suggestions. Beginning in January, 1960, a new and enlarged pattern will be offered.

Would you like to help us develop more effective ways of worshiping in our families with young children? If so, here are some ways in which you may do so.

1. Tell us what you do in your family. Do you use the suggestions in *Hearthstone*? How do you use them? What has happened that shows the material is either helpful or not?

2. What do YOU do? Do you work out worship ideas and practices of your own? Would you share them with all the other readers of *Hearthstone*? When and how do you worship together in your home, especially if you have younger children?

3. What would you like to have the worship pages contain as we look ahead to 1960? Would you like more prayers? Suggestions as to what scripture passages to use and how to use them? More poetry, hymns suitable for children? Day-by-day suggestions or a pattern that can be followed weekly?

A recent worship book* has an introduction by Walter Russell Bowie. He says of the book "Here is an answer to the growing demand for material on the part of parents who recognize responsibility within the home which they do not know how to fill. A child's religious nurture cannot be shuffled off on someone else."

Hearthstone wants to supply its readers with fresh, vital, stimulating, worshipful material that can be used in your family. Our editors work hard to produce an search hard to find such material. You can do much to help us in this important function which only consecrated parents can fulfill.

Some Interesting Figures

The nation was told prior to 1933 that the way to control the alcohol problem was to make liquor more available. People would not want to drink so much if it were legal to sell, buy, and drink it.

A question was asked recently that leads to a report that is commentary to the above promise: *What is the relationship between the state rate of alcoholism and types of liquor control legislation?*

Briefly the answer is that states having stricter control of the sale of liquor have lower rates of alcoholism.

Mississippi and Oklahoma† are the only two dry states in the United States. Of course they are not really "lily-pure-dry"! Nevertheless, the rate of alcoholism in these states is lowest for the nation, 2,545 alcoholics for every 100,000 adults.

Twelve states allow only package liquor sales. The alcoholics in these states number 2,721 per 100,000 adults.

Thirty-four states sell liquor by the drink and by the package. Alcoholics number 4,110 per 100,000 adults in states where controls are weakest.

Does that look as if the liquor problem was solved?

*A *Book of Family Worship*, by E. Frieda and Leon McCauley, published by Scribners, \$2.95. It is somewhat formal but contains much helpful material.

†Since this was written Oklahoma has removed herself from this group.

Poetry Page

Cookie Thief

My mommie made some cookies
and put 'em on a shelf.
How much fun I think t'would
be
to help my little self.
Tell me, do you really think
that she'd miss one or two
Or even three or four or five?
Please tell me what you'd do.
I can reach that cooky jar
By standing on a chair.
It's easy. See, I told you.
But do I really dare?
Oh! They're chocolate cookies
too.
Just made for little boys.
I can reach that cooky jar
and not make any noise.
I'll do it! Yes, I think I will.
I'll take two—now, that's all.
I'll hurry though! I think my
mom
is coming down the hall.

Sue H. Wollam



Photo from Frederic Lewis.

Wilbur



"Thanks, Dad!"

Tranquilizer

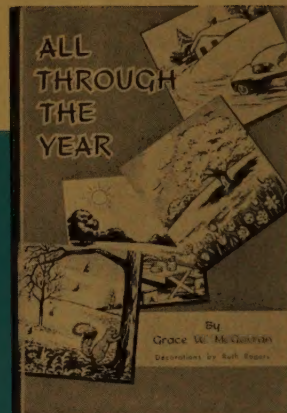
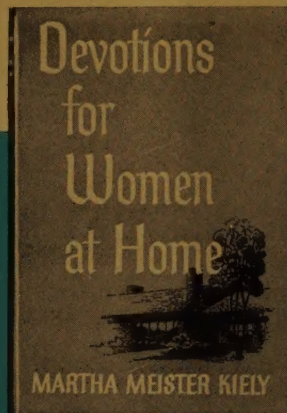
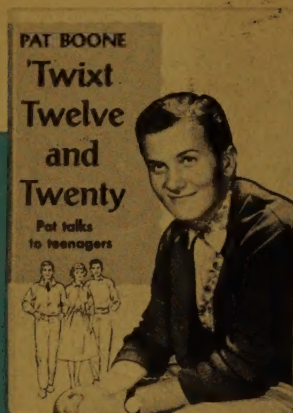
Her anger rarely finds a chance to blaze;
She fights it off, her means a garden hoe
With tranquilizing powers, and magic
ways
Of pulverizing peevish that try to grow.
She digs her anger down into the soil,
Her strokes transmuting spitefulness to
song,
And, in response to therapeutic toil,
Her flowers spring up, a merry, laughing
throng.

Instead of angry words, she scatters seeds,
Her mediating hoe restores her calm,
In guarding flowers from rude encroaching
weeds
She guards herself with Nature's soothing
balm.
Ah, saving hoe! The anger she entombs
Is lost to gladness borne in fragrant
blooms.

Florence Pedigo Jansson

NEW BOOKS NEW THOUGHTS NEW DISCOVERIES

Read for Pleasure and Inspiration



THE HEART OF A CHAMPION. *By Bob Richards.* Olympic champion, minister, sports director, Bob tells how a good athlete must be a complete person; draws a parallel between the two; emphasizes reliance on prayer for help to do one's best in life.....**\$2.50**

'TWIXT TWELVE AND TWENTY. *By Pat Boone.* Here is straight-from-the-shoulder talk on many of the challenges a teen-ager has to meet—about parents, friends, dating, going steady, earning money, planning a future and spiritual development.....**\$2.95**

DEVOTIONS FOR WOMEN AT HOME. *By Martha M. Kiely.* Homemakers will find this a friendly and inspiring guide to spiritual truths—115 brief devotions built on familiar things—a house plant, thermostat, an empty chair and other objects in home.....**\$1.75**

ALL THROUGH THE YEAR. *By Grace McGavran.* Warm, friendly devotions for juniors, based on everyday experiences and life with family, friends, nature and God. Built around the different seasons of the year. Illustrated with lively line drawings.....**\$2.50**

READING THE GOSPEL OF JOHN. *By James P. Berkeley.* An unusual study of the most-loved Bible book by a master teacher—explains John's colorful way of telling how Jesus made himself known in the human scene; prayer; how the Holy Spirit is known.....**\$3.75**

TWO THOUSAND TONGUES TO GO. *By Ethel Wallis and Mary Bennett.* How one man's faith and vision, as the best use was made of developments in linguistics, reached the incredible goal of the last 2,000 tongues for a little band of Bible translators.....**\$3.95**

A PRIVATE HOUSE OF PRAYER. *By Leslie D. Weatherhead.* An intriguing invitation by the writer to visit with him in his private house of prayer for thirty-one days—poems, quotations, meditations, Scripture; and 80 prayers on various subjects.....**\$3.00**

THE CROWN AND THE CROSS. *The Life of Christ. By Frank G. Slaughter.* The human drama of Jesus' pilgrimage on this earth in which the reader is caught up in the personal stories of those men who witnessed the turbulent and inspiring events.....**\$4.95**

